

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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JACOB'S DREAM.—A PROVIDENTIAL EXPLOSION.

JACOB'S RELIANCE ON PROVIDENCE—"What a Providential thing! It was only on Saturday that I and my family went to New York and returned to Staten Island in that very boat."

JACOB'S PROFESSION OF FAITH—"WE are the people to be pitied." (Interview with the Sun reporter.)

JACOB'S PILLOW—"I always sit on the boiler to read my papers; I consider the boiler the safest part of the boat."

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
NEW YORK, AUGUST 19, 1871.

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NOTICE.

With the next number will be given an illustrated SUPPLEMENT, containing further chapters of the Continuation to DICKENS'S unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." In the next number thereafter will be concluded this most ingenious literary work, which has surprised all reading people by the novelty of its solution of an intricate and masterly plot.

In a late number was commenced a most powerful and brilliant story of modern society, entitled "MAUD MOHAN; OR, WAS HE WORTH THE WINNING?" by ANNIE THOMAS (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), known, wherever English literature is valued, for her remarkable novels—"Dennis Donne," "Called to Account," "False Colors," "Playing for High Stakes," etc.

Besides its selection of the choicest fiction and other literature, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER as it was the first is the principal purveyor of PICTORIAL NEWS on this Continent. Its unapproached facilities enable it to represent the events of the day promptly on their occurrence, and whether they fall under the eyes of its American or European art-reporters. Depending upon its own resources, and considering American news the paramount business of an American journal, it is in the habit of relegating the illustrations of foreign events almost exclusively to a single page, where may always be found an interesting group of pictorial quotations. The body of the NEWSPAPER is filled with original pictures of contemporary occurrences. In this specialty FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has no competitor.

STEAM AND ITS MANAGERS.

THE terrible calamity that has just swept more than two hundred of our fellow-mortals into graves or hospitals in this city finds thrilling commentaries in all hearts, wherever the sad news spreads on lightning wings over the land. The shock must naturally be felt with peculiar force among a people whose migratory and industrial habits require the employment of steam-machinery in so many ways. Labored journalistic dissertations are superfluous in a case appealing so keenly to the excited sensibilities of the whole community. The dullest mind needs no newspaper sensationalism to rouse it to a proper sense of the horrors of the tragedy. Yet a few words may be usefully turned toward the awful lesson it teaches.

The simple facts, elsewhere mentioned and illustrated in these pages, speak trumpet-tongued in favor of legislation like that provided by the last Congress, for regulating steam-machinery and its engineers in navigation. Public sentiment, fearfully aroused by the horrifying details of the Westfield tragedy, will hold to a rigid accountability the Board of Superintendents appointed under that legislation. To the fullest extent required by the new law, and to a still greater extent if that law is found defective in providing for ample inspection and exemplary penalties, the enforcement of salutary protective rules and measures will be demanded hereafter in tones even stronger than those which obtained from Congress its recent stringent enactment.

Danger, ever-present where steam is used, especially in passenger-vessels, requires sleepless vigilance; and the Board of Superintendents, with the subordinate organization of Inspectors, may rest assured that any dereliction in the discharge of duty will be visited by quick condemnation from the multitudes whose lives are imperiled by neglect or ignorance on the part of officers entrusted with duties thus intimately connected with the general welfare.

The Superintending Board, at its recent meeting in Washington, pointed out some defects in the new law. Let those or other defects be shown to Congress, at the earliest period of the next session, and where is the member of either branch of the National Legislature who will not instantly vote still further powers to the officers charged with the

inspection and regulation of all steamers under its control?

Let no half-way measures be longer allowed. Boilers worn enough to require "patching" in some parts, like those of the ill-fated Westfield, may well be suspected of weakness in other places less apparent to the inspector. Let all such be cast aside, and replaced by others of the most approved construction. Self-interest on the part of steamboat-owners should cordially co-operate in this direction. Ordinary worldly prudence dictates the propriety of this course, as a safeguard against accidents that may cost tenfold, nay, a hundredfold, more than the price of new boilers, as the Westfield explosion sufficiently indicates.

But at least equally important is it that the employes entrusted with the machinery of steam-vessels shall be more thoroughly examined in all their qualifications, moral as well as intellectual. Engineers, as a class, are neither respected nor paid as they ought to be. Let the standard of capacity be raised; let none be licensed whose qualifications, as careful, sober men, are not as rigidly examined as are their familiarity with the machinery placed under their control, and their pay and position will be improved. The true interests of all concerned—the welfare of engineers generally, as well as of their employers—will be promoted by such thorough inspection and regulation, while, far beyond either of these considerations, the comfort and lives of multitudinous passengers will be rendered more secure than at the present time.

For similar reasons, State legislation and municipal enactments should be directed more effectively than they now are toward the regulation of steam-machinery, wherever employed in the hundred ways required by the various wants of the community. Steam-engines, used for so many purposes in some of our most crowded neighborhoods—in vaults under sidewalks traversed by crowds, as well as in cellars under buildings along those thoroughfares, and in the midst of thickly-inhabited blocks—require, and should quickly receive, greater attention than is now bestowed on them. Our vast steam railroad system attracts much attention, and should secure far more—by accidents from explosion. Is there not here, also, an important field for improvement? Are our laws what they ought to be for promoting the public welfare in this important branch of service?

Far from being alarmists in these matters, we readily concede that accidents are less frequent than might reasonably have been anticipated from the employment of such a vast number of steam-engines by land and water. Considering the multitude of persons engaged in business or travel connected with steam, the wonder may rather be that the percentage of accident is not greater than it is. Yet even this proportion can doubtless be essentially reduced; and the terrible lesson presented by the recent steamboat explosion must excite a spirit of watchfulness that will avert many horrors which might otherwise result from the non-enforcement of more rigid rules than have hitherto influenced the inspection and examination of steam-machinery, and of the engineers employed in its management.

SOME VICTORIES FROM
"DORKING."

THE brochure about "Dorking," which lately appeared in Blackwood's Magazine and in this journal, and has since been widely republished through the reading world, has occasioned one of the liveliest sensations of an age replete with marvels—ruffling, in an extraordinary degree, the equanimity of the British people, and stimulating lively speculation among "the rest of mankind."

Rarely, in the course of history, has any one real conflict been productive of consequences more remarkable than those following the details of this imaginary battle. The people of Great Britain, roused to a proper sense of their Government's defects in defensive precautions against hostile attacks with the present improved means of warlike annoyance, are moved more powerfully than ever before in reference to possibilities, if not probabilities, of invasion.

The Government, in unison with the popular sentiment, is making strenuous efforts to remedy the apparent defects by reorganizing the army and navy, so as to render it less practicable for any foreign power to achieve such victory on British soil as is vividly described by the chronicler of the fanciful "Battle of Dorking."

Already the dockyards and other facilities for rendering its navy more powerful are being placed in condition fit for creating additional war-ships to meet any emergency. That branch of the "United Service," on which the nation has particularly prided itself for long ages, will evidently soon be placed in condition better suited than at present for repelling any invaders that might be inclined to try their metal against the "fast-anchored Isle." The "wooden walls of old England," on which all true-hearted Britons formerly placed special reliance, will be succeeded by fleets of armored

vessels worthier of the greatest iron-working nation of the world.

The movements for reorganizing the land service appear to be equally energetic. And here, certainly, there is wide field for sweeping reform. Resting proudly on her Waterloo laurels, Great Britain continued too long under the old-fogy arrangements of former days. The evils of this apathy were quickly shown when efforts were made to place a British army in co-operation with the French, against the Russians, in the Crimean campaign. Even the experience then and there dearly bought yielded comparatively little benefit in the way of military improvement. Starch and red-tape in official quarters still repressed the energies of young and energetic men who could combine enthusiasm with modern ideas in rendering the organization of the British Army more accordant with modern improvements in military science.

And it is in reference to these army affairs that the present condition of British preparation is seen most clearly—in a way that accords fully with the popular mind. One of the greatest evils of the military system was the practice, long prevalent, but now ended, of allowing the purchase and sale of commissions in the army. This held out facilities to the aristocratic and wealthy classes for billeting their junior members in commands throughout the army, to the exclusion of that promotion which should be accorded only to persons working their way by faithful exertion in the humbler positions of the service. Mr. Gladstone distinguishes his Ministry by dealing a deathblow to this pernicious system. Sustained by the Queen, he has caused the issuance of a royal order abolishing the long-existing nuisance. Hereafter, all purchase and sale of commissions is forbidden—wealthy drones will no longer be allowed to "buy their way" to official positions, and a new field is thus presented for the honorable ambition of men who are most capable of rendering the army worthier of public confidence, and elevating it to a degree of efficiency accordant with the national necessities and the spirit of the age.

The reform in these matters is another strong sign of the progress of British governmental improvements, to which we have referred on several recent occasions.

BENEVOLENT AND CHARITABLE
INSTITUTIONS OF NEW YORK.

PART VIII.

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTE.

The Institute for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb is situated at Fanwood, on Washington Heights, about nine miles north of the City Hall. The grounds are nearly thirty acres in extent, and the land and buildings, altogether, cost about half a million of dollars. The entrance to the grounds is at the corner of Tenth Avenue and One Hundred and Sixty-second Street.

The buildings are constructed of Milwaukee brick with granite facings, and are four stories in height, including the basement. They are in the form of a double hollow square, consisting of a front building one hundred and fifty by one hundred and fifty-five feet, the main entrance facing toward the North River; two wings running eastwardly, each one hundred and twenty by forty-six feet; a central building, one hundred and twenty by sixty-five feet; and a school-house in the rear, one hundred and fifty by fifty-five feet, connected with the other buildings by inclosed galleries. The two upper stories (thrown into one) of the central building are fitted up for the chapel; and the room below that is the dining-room, large enough for the four hundred and fifty mutes to dine together.

The Institution was commenced in 1818, in temporary quarters, and with only four pupils; which number increased before the close of the first year to more than fifty; in 1831, the number was eighty-five.

The founders of the Institution were Doctors Samuel L. Mitchell and Samuel Akerly, the Reverend John Stenford, and some other benevolent and philanthropic citizens. Since 1831 and until a recent date, Doctor Harvey P. Peet was the Principal of the Asylum.

The Institution, originally supported by private donations, was afterward largely aided by the State. Its present income is derived from State appropriations—from counties in the State whose deaf mute children are too young to be placed on the State list; from the State of New Jersey, which sends about twenty pupils who are its beneficiaries; and from the parents of deaf mutes, who pay for their care and instruction.

The regular term of instruction is eight years; and for those who are selected for good conduct and superior capacity, three additional years are appropriated. Many of these become teachers in this and other kindred asylums.

The last Report of the Managers shows the income for 1870 to have been upward of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. The inmates treated were:

	Males.	Females.	Total.
Number of pupils on the 31st of December, 1869.....	284	206	490
Number of pupils received to 31st of December, 1870....	68	43	111
Number of pupils dismissed, including two deaths.....	352	249	601
Number of pupils remaining, 31st of December, 1870....	316	220	536

Of those pupils, three hundred and thirty-eight are beneficiaries of the State of New York; one hundred and forty-one are beneficiaries of the counties of the State; thirty-four are beneficiaries of the State of New Jersey; and twenty-three defray their own expenses.

The methods of instruction, their completeness and efficacy, and all the interesting details of this great Institution, are fully explained in the Annual Reports of the Managers.

The Principal of the Institution is Isaac Lewis Peet, a son of the former Principal; and, associated with him, there are twenty-four Professors and Teachers.

The Board of Directors consists of twenty-four responsible and well-known citizens of New York, of whom Shepherd Knapp is President; the Reverend William Adams, First Vice-President; Henry E. Davies, Second Vice-President; Joseph W. Patterson, Treasurer, and Thatcher M. Adams, Secretary.

INSTITUTION FOR THE IMPROVED INSTRUCTION
OF DEAF MUTES.

A new method of instructing Deaf Mutes, after half a century of experience had approved the original method, naturally met with the opposition of incredulity, at least; as this enterprise has done. Its object is to introduce the Articulate Method, as practiced in Germany, by the establishment of an institution founded on the Eclectic System.

The President of this Institution—which has recently removed its location from No. 330 East Fourteenth Street to the west side of Broadway, between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Streets—says of the method, that when once the key to the understanding of the patient is found—when they have acquired the alphabet, and learned spelling, writing and reading, not only in print, but from the lips of the speaker, their progress in education will equal that of children who are not deprived of the organ of hearing.

The Institution was founded in 1867. The number of pupils is twenty-three, and the receipts for the year were seven thousand five hundred dollars.

The officers are: Doctor Mark Blumenthal, President; F. A. Rising, Principal; J. L. Phillips, Vice-President; Isaac Rosenfeld, Treasurer; Jacob Rothschild, Secretary; and eleven Trustees.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

The combined efforts of Dr. Samuel Akerly and Samuel Wood, in the year 1831, caused the original organization, and subsequently the incorporation, of this Institution. It is situated in the Ninth Avenue, on the corner of Thirty-fourth Street.

The Institution is not a Home, nor an Asylum, where those who become its inmates may remain permanently; nor is it a Hospital, where diseases of the eye are treated. It is, properly, a School or Seminary, where the Blind may receive the advantages of such education as they are capable of attaining, by such means as are adapted to their condition, and with a view to their future usefulness and welfare. It is, however, to a certain extent, a charitable institution, because those of its pupils who are unable to pay for their education are taught gratuitously. The charge for those who can pay is three hundred dollars a year; and each of such pupils is required to furnish a bed, a pillow, two pairs of sheets, three blankets, a counterpane, and four towels.

The instruction given is Intellectual, Musical, and Mechanical.

In the first department, the pupils are taught reading, writing, spelling, grammar, arithmetic, geography, algebra, geometry, history, and the mental and physical sciences.

In the Musical Department, instruction is given in the rudiments, chorus-singing, the piano, the organ, etc.

Three branches of mechanical education are taught: mat, broom, and mattress-making.

Of the annual income of the Institution, about one-third is received from the State, and the remainder from its own resources, and from annual and incidental donations. The value of the property owned by the Institution is about three hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

The Board of Managers consists of twenty gentlemen, of whom Augustus Schell is President; Robert S. Hone, Vice-President; Theodorus Bailey Myers, Recording Secretary; William C. Schermerhorn, Corresponding Secretary; and Joseph Grafton, Treasurer.

THE LEAKE AND WATTS ORPHAN HOME.

This Institution was founded and endowed by the liberality and philanthropy of one man—John G. Leake; and it takes its joint name from the fact that Robert Watts, the chief legatee of Mr. Leake, conveyed to it the property which he received for that purpose by Mr.

Leake's will. The amount of money appropriated to the Asylum, after all the expenses of a protracted litigation were paid—a litigation which was pursued by parties contesting the validity of the will—was about four hundred thousand dollars.

The ground devoted to this Asylum extends from the Ninth to the Tenth Avenue, between One Hundred and Tenth and One Hundred and Thirteenth Streets. The building is two hundred feet in length, sixty feet deep, and three stories high. It is about seven miles north of the City Hall, and it stands on the lofty ridge which runs longitudinally through that part of the island commanding a view of the Central Park, of the two rivers, and of the New Jersey and the Long Island shores.

The internal arrangement of the building includes a chapel, a parlor for the Trustees and for visitors, apartments for the Superintendent, and also for the teachers; and large and well-ventilated dormitories in each wing—one for boys, and the other for girls. There are, also, a hospital, a kitchen, a wash-room, cellars, and all conveniences. The surrounding ground is appropriated for play-grounds, garden, pasture, etc.

The Asylum is designed as a home for destitute children who have lost both parents, and when they have been carefully trained and educated, and have arrived at an age suitable to their being apprenticed to trades or services, they are discharged, and are set about the duties of their several vocations, great care being taken, in their indentures, that their rights are protected.

Applications for admission to the Home must state the history of the applicant, his or her age, the name of both parents, the time of their death, and they must contain a certificate of a physician as to the health of the child seeking admission.

The Home is open to visitors under regulations as to hours, and a book is kept for registering visitors' names. The income of the Institution is derived exclusively from the endowment of its founders.

The Board of Trustees consists of Frederic de Peyster, Clerk; John M. Knox, Treasurer; William Woods, Physician, and the gentlemen here following, *ex-officio*: the Mayor of the city, the Recorder of the city, the Rector of Trinity Church, the two Wardens of Trinity Church, the eldest Minister of the Reformed Dutch Church, and the eldest Minister of the Presbyterian Church. The Superintendent is William H. Guest.

THE AMERICAN FEMALE GUARDIAN SOCIETY AND HOME OF THE FRIENDLESS.

The origin of this Society dates as far back as 1834. Its special objects are set forth in an appeal made by its managers to the public in 1846, soliciting means for extending its usefulness. The appeal states, among other things, that while charitable institutions are provided for almost every other class of destitute persons, only the almshouse, the watch-house, or the Tombs offer a shelter to the friendless and unprotected female, whose sole crime is poverty and the need of employment; and that there are around us scores of friendless and worse than orphan children who, by timely care, might be rescued from pauperism, the House of Refuge, or a prison.

This appeal was so successful, that, in 1848, the Society was enabled to build and own the present Home, No 32 East Thirtieth Street, a handsome and commodious building of four stories, including the basement. In 1856 an additional sum of money was raised by subscription, and a similar building was erected on the lots in the rear of the Home and fronting on Twenty-ninth Street.

Young women of good moral character, but destitute of money, friends and a home, are received into the Institution by order of a Manager, or at the discretion of the Matron, until their cases can be examined; after which, if found worthy, they are boarded and employed until suitable places can be found for them. Friendless and destitute girls over three and under fourteen years of age, and boys over three and under ten, either orphans or abandoned by their parents, are also received and provided for, until permanent homes in Christian families can be secured for them by adoption or otherwise. Invalids are not admitted.

Nine industrial schools, in different parts of the city, have been established by the Managers of this Society, in which children are taught to read, to sew, and to sing. The annual average of children taught in each of those schools is about five hundred.

The total number of pupils in these schools for the past year was forty-eight hundred. The present number of adult inmates of the Home is two hundred and fifty-six; and of children, four hundred and fifty-nine. One hundred and fifty children have been provided with homes, and nine hundred and twelve adults have been furnished with situations for permanent employment within the year.

The officers are: Mrs. Charles C. North, President; Mrs. C. W. Hawkins, Honorary President; Mrs. J. M. Hubbard, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Harris Wilson, Recording Secretary; and Mrs. S. A. Stone, Treasurer.

CATTLE-DRIVING ON THE PLAINS.

By THOMAS W. KNOX.

AMONG many of the denizens of our Western frontier the business of driving cattle ranks as a fine art or an exact science. Before the railway was pushed beyond the Missouri River, there were thousands of wagons, drawn by tens of thousands of oxen, engaged in the transportation of freight to New Mexico, Colorado, Utah and other distant States and Territories. The prairie-schooner, as the canvas-covered wagon was not inaptly called, has not altogether passed away, though its occupation has been greatly abridged. The great central route has been given up to the locomotive and its long line of cars, and the old-fashioned wagon-train is not often seen there. But on the roads not yet reached by the railway the primitive mode of conveyance flourishes in all its glory, and the air resounds to the crack of the ox-driver's whip. An idea of the extent of this business may be formed when it is known that at one time a single firm—Russell, Majors & Waddell—had more than two millions of dollars invested in cattle, wagons and other equipments of transportation on the Plains. Their trains ran regularly to Santa Fé, Salt Lake City, Denver, and other points; and they used to have heavy contracts with the Government for carrying supplies to the army posts in the Great West. They had thousands of men in their employ, and there was material enough in the history of the firm and the adventures of its employés for the construction of a hundred romances of frontier life.

The cattle used for teams on these wagon-trains were mostly from Texas, and every year large droves of them were sent North, where they found good markets in Leavenworth, Kansas City, Omaha, and the other outfitting points on the Missouri River. Since the opening of the Kansas-Pacific Railway, these cattle from Texas have been in great demand for other purposes than those of drawing wagons and resisting Indian bullets. Drovers of them are brought to Abilene, one of the stations on the railway, whence they are shipped to the East for conversion into beef. The process of driving these animals requires more of the fortifier in *re* than of the *suaviter in modo*—at least such is the theory of the men who associate with them. Texas cattle are strong and vicious, and they have horns that are long, broad, and pointed enough to make positive and practical arguments in a bovine discussion. They have a pleasant habit of inserting these horns in each other's sides for the sake of entertainment, and sometimes they indulge in a game of toss with a dog or man, by way of exhibiting their skill. The instrument of which they have the greatest dread is the "black-snake" whip. This is a neat and simple device, consisting of a handle and lash—the former is of stout wood, and about two feet long, while the latter is of braided thongs, and may be any way from four to seven feet in length. Near the handle it swells to the thickness of a good-sized wrist, and tapers gently to the end, which is made ornamental and musical with a snapper. The genius of an ox-driving artist is in the manipulation of this whip. He will crack it so that it will make a sound like the report of a pistol, and he will lay it over the back of an unruly steer so that it will raise welts the size of a billiard-cue, or cut furrows in the hair as neatly as though they were made with a grooving-machine. An ox that has been thoroughly thrashed a few times with a black-snake whip in the hands of a skillful Plainsman will ever after maintain a decent respect for that instrument of torture.

There is a vocal part of ox-driving, which is inseparable from the instrumental. It consists of a volley of oaths such as no denizen of Houston Street or the Five Points ever knew, and would put the most accomplished swearer on Manhattan Island to the blush. There is a thorough system of profanity peculiar to the Plains, and I doubt if any of those expert in its use would exchange it for the theories of Delsarte or any other elocutionist. I have heard old teamsters at Leavenworth and Denver argue seriously that their oxen behaved much better when roundly cursed, and they asserted that when a team was stalled so badly that all other means failed, it could be sworn out of its troubles. One member of the firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell had a great dislike for profanity, and professed a theory, which to many Plainsmen appeared perfectly Utopian, that oxen could be driven without it. At one time, he made an offer, which held good for a year, to present a hundred dollars and a suit of clothes, in addition to his wages, to any man who would drive an ox-team to Salt Lake and back without an oath. Only one man ever won the prize, and he declined to repeat the experiment. His immoral companions asserted that, after being paid off, he retired to a secluded cabin in Leavenworth, where he devoted an entire month to swearing up for lost time!

The wagon-trains, as ordinarily made up, consist of twenty-six wagons, one of them being laden with provisions for the *attaches* of the train and the rest with freight. They travel about fifteen miles a day. At night, they are arranged in a circular or oblong "corral." The space thus inclosed forms a yard, where the cattle are driven to be yoked, and, in case of an attack by Indians, the circle of wagons makes an excellent fort. Each wagon is drawn by five pairs of oxen, and in the early part of the journey of a train the work of yoking the teams sometimes takes several hours. Each man must yoke his own oxen, and the scene inside a "corral," when the half-wild oxen are crowding each other, and occasionally trampling the men under foot, is much more amusing to the spectator than the insider. To preserve an unruffled temper while yoking a refractory team is not an easy matter, especially when

one is obliged to handle heavy yokes, and run the risk of horns and hoofs. If any city-bred youth desires a lesson in patience and resignation, and a little training to fit him for the rough side of life, he cannot do better than hasten to the frontier, and engage to drive an ox-team to Santa Fé or Albuquerque.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Paris.—The Elections of July 3d.—Ruins of the Tuilleries.

The journalists took the initiative during the confusion of the public mind over the subject of public elections. A committee was formed called the Paris Press Union. A programme was adopted, which had the adhesion of twenty newspapers, and meetings were held at No. 1 Rue Drouot, in the chamber of which our sketch shows the aspect. In the picture, Villermassant, of the *Figaro*, is seen in profile, bending over the table, surrounded by Giliat (*Constitutionnel*), Bast (*Débat*), De Précy (*Liberté*), and many others. The committee of the Press Union united itself to the Thiers policy, consolidated the "provisionary republicans," and succeeded, by its selection of deputies, in defeating the plans of the Monarchists.

We present a view of the actual state of the Gallery of Stuccoes in the Tuilleries, whose fair, white-and-gilt freshness is reduced to the sooty squalor of a limekiln interior. The best proposal yet made for the restoration of the Tuilleries would seem to be that of raising a colonnade between the most prominent and well-preserved pavilions of the western face, so as to allow an uninterrupted view through the *Place du Carrousel* and *Place Napoleon III.* of the Louvre and surrounding improvements. Such a device might be readily and speedily effected, the work of ruin masked, and the immense periphery of the Louvre, for the first time, made evident at a glance; then, in the course of time, the decision might be made what sort of an edifice should replace the palace of Catherine de Medicis.

England.—New Repairing-basin Completed at Chatham—New Ironclad—French Department of the International Exposition.

The additional basins and docks planned at Portsmouth and Chatham will be of great service to the British navy. They have been going on for ten years, and Chatham has at last something to show. The portion finished is the "repairing" basin. A tract of marsh adjoining the Dock-yard has been devoted to the construction of three large basins, with accompanying dry-docks. The basin occupies twenty-two acres, and is connected with four dry docks, of which two are complete. It is 80 feet wide at the entrance, 468 feet deep, and will allow for a depth of 33 feet of water. The cost of the whole work contemplated at Chatham is \$8,750,000.

The new British ironclad *Devastation* was floated out of dock at Portsmouth on the 12th July. She is a sister-vessel to the *Thunderer*, now building at Pembroke. She is the first of her class yet constructed, a sea-going monitor, carrying 35-ton guns, and protected by thicknesses of 14-inch, 12-inch, and 10-inch armor-plate. The two turrets differ from those in the American sea-going monitors. The American plan, as with the *Montanoma* and *Monadnock*, is to mount the turrets on a metal basing laid upon the ship's deck. By the adoption of the breast-work in the *Devastation* as a second and lesser deck, rising from the hull proper, the bases of her turrets are supposed to be as well protected as is the body of the ship's hull itself at the water-line, while such an increased height is given to the turret-guns that she will fight as high as the most powerful broadside-frigates.

After its astonishing success in raising a loan of two milliards, subscribed in Paris in the space of six hours, France has a new victory to register—its very creditable display at the International Exposition. The brilliant nation boasts, with an accent of patriotism, that not only the Prince and Princess of Wales have examined with great care the French department of the Exhibition, but that Prince Teck, a German, is one of the most assiduous visitors, and buys liberally of French art-products. The art-metallurgy of Christofle, Barbedienne, Susse, and Denière, have proved the greatest attractions, though the fine paintings on the walls behind them have rivaled them in effect. Our picture is in the highest degree characteristic as revealing the immense recuperative power of a nation brought down to the depths of failure and defeat, yet able to tourney in the lists of industrial renown at the very moment of its humiliation.

France.—Success for Issy.

Issy, which is remembered by every tourist as a riotous little suburb on the Seine, just south of the Bois de Boulogne, remains to-day a village not only in ruins, but a village ruined. The inhabitants still roam around the shattered walls, seeking a resting-place or a morsel of bread. The day after the glittering review at Longchamps—wherein the squalid devastation of the neighborhood had, as it were, a brilliant military embroidery thrown for a moment over its nakedness—the wife of Marshal MacMahon performed an action that was more to her purpose, in riding out to Issy, accompanied by her daughter, to distribute clothing and assistance to these twice-tried villagers.

Belgium.—Mobbing Victor Hugo's House at Brussels.

Already, on Sunday the 25th of May, a half-jocular demonstration was made against Victor Hugo in Brussels. Seven or eight young men appeared at his door, and shouted, "Here is your brother Dombrowski, escaped from Paris! We have brought him here for shelter!" This *sot* launched the charivari moved away laughing to their *cave*. Meanwhile, the inhabitants, remembering the phrases of Victor Hugo in his letter to the *Indépendance Belge* (protesting against the Belgian Government's refusal to entertain the vanquished French), prepared for another and more serious demonstration. This time it was rather more than a farce. There were inarticulate murmurs, cries, and hisses, around the house, No. 4 Place des Barricades. A few stones fell against the closed shutters; a pane of the fanlight was broken. Struck with these solid arguments, and with the want of sympathy of the Brussels Senate, the author of the *Châtiments* lost no time in carpet-bagging over to England.

Rome.—Victor-Emmanuel at the Quirinal.

Victor-Emmanuel made his solemn entry into the City of the Popes, July 2d. Troops, national guard, clubs, schools, workmen's societies, formed a hedge along his path to the Quirinal Palace, from whose balcony the King was obliged to show himself a number of times. At eight there was a grand

banquet at the palace, at which the diplomatic body were entertained. In the evening the King went to the Apollo Theatre, while the whole city was illuminated.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

A FEMALE undertaker is patronized by fashionable corpses in Charleston.

GARIBALDI'S health, both physical and mental, is reported to be so much injured, that he can hardly live much longer.

ADMIRAL PORTER is sadly broken down in health, and, it is said, is unable to leave Washington to enjoy a Summer tour.

THE *Poll Mall Gazette* states that "The Battle of Dorking" was written by Colonel George Chesney, the author of "Indian Policy."

MR. RUSKIN has been lying seriously ill at Matlock, Derbyshire, but is now, according to the *London Daily News*, quite out of danger.

It is denied, on the part of Ex-President Andrew Johnson, that he is going to visit France. Paris has no charms for him, as Thiers has no "policy."

The famous Belgian painter of candle-light scenes, P. Van Schendel, recently died, and a large number of his paintings are to be sold by his family, on the 4th of September, at Brussels.

THE condition of the health of Princess Christian is causing much anxiety to the members of the British Royal family. It is feared that the Princess is suffering from an affection of the lungs.

THE Rev. Dr. Patter, the new President of Union College, rescued a young lady who was drifting out to sea at Fire Island the other day, and modestly concealed his identity when he had accomplished the deed.

MRS. REGINA DAL CIN, who successfully performed 144 chirological operations in the city hospital of Trieste, Austria, was lately rewarded by the city authorities with a present of one hundred gold pieces and a letter of thanks.

PHOEBE CARY died in Newport on Monday week last. She was suffering from nervous prostration, the result of many months of anxious watchfulness over her sister during her sickness, and the grief incident to her death.

MR. HENRY W. HEMANS, one of the five children of the poetess, died at his consulate in Paris recently. Mr. Hemans was the British Consul at Buffalo some time ago, and while there, wrote some notable articles in the *North American Review*.

MR. HENRI CERNUSCHI, the Italian banker, and editor of the *Paris Siècle*, who contributed largely to the anti-plebiscite fund during the Empire, and was therefore banished by the Government, is now visiting in New England, and intends to go as far as San Francisco.

THE Rev. L. C. Rutter, a young man of twenty-two, styled the "boy preacher," has achieved a good work as well as a great sensation in Noble County, O., where he presides over two Presbyterian congregations, and has inaugurated a sweeping temperance reform.

THE researches of Mr. Halliwell have added one more to the scanty collection of known facts in the life of Shakespeare. It appears that by order of James I., Shakespeare and his "fellows" attended on the Spanish Ambassador at Somerset House for upward of a fortnight, in August, 1604.

JOAQUIN MILLER, the new poet, is visiting, it is said, a brother in Pennsylvania, where he is revising the proof-sheets of a volume of poems shortly to appear. While in London, Miller was invited to a great dinner, at Robert Browning's, and electrified and delighted the company by reciting the "Heathen Chinee."

PRESIDENT THIERS gives audiences at five o'clock in the morning, and sleeps very little in the night. He has an old habit, which he has frequently had to forsake during the last few months, of going to bed at six in the evening; but he awakes at 7.45, for he has the peculiar faculty of both going to sleep and waking when he pleases, and dresses for an eight o'clock dinner.

CHANCELLOR ROBERT LOWE has worked grievously upon the sensibilities of the captors of Magdala, by satirically alluding to the "loot" captured from King Theodore of Abyssinia, as "sundry lumps of gold," the said lumps being a crown and chalice of pure gold, and mysteriously valuable as relics, which, so far, the Chancellor refuses to turn into money for the soldiers.

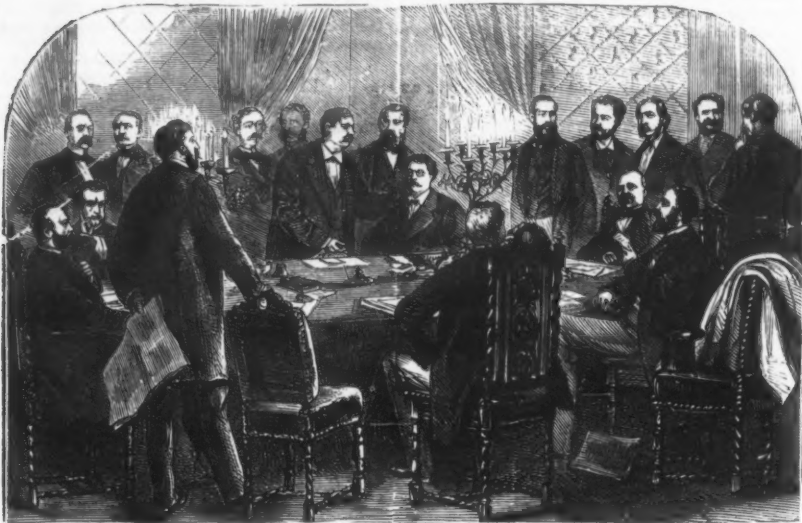
HAWTHORNE gives this reminiscence of Frederika Bremer, whom he met for a second time while traveling abroad: "She is the funniest little old fairy in person whom one can imagine, with a huge nose, to which all the rest of her is but an insufficient appendage; but you feel at once that she is most gentle, kind, womanly, sympathetic and true. She talks English fluently, in a low, quiet voice, but with such an accent that it is impossible to understand her without the closest attention."

THE death in Canada is announced of a clergyman, once the pastor of a wealthy and fashionable society in this city. He had a large salary and drew great houses, but suddenly resigned his charge and went to Europe. He gave no reasons, and threw his congregation into a state of great excitement. Coming back, he gave as a reason for his singular course that he had been subjected to blackmail. He was soon settled in an adjoining city; his popularity was again great, but he shortly left, went to Canada, became assistant minister of a small church, is now dead, and his secret, if he had one, is dead with him.

WHEN Her Majesty gives one of her little Court breakfasts in Buckingham Palace Park, she walks about very smiling and chipper, with a white cap that looks like a French *bonne's* over her head, and the widow's weeds a thought lightened by a suspicion here and there of white lace or crape. The "breakfasts" take place in the afternoon, at 4.30 o'clock, and the ladies attend in a costume gotten up especially for the occasion. They gossip and chatter in groups upon the sward, while the gentlemen, in uniform and stars and garters, quiz them in a highly aristocratic way, or discuss politics in the arbors. The little Princess of Wales, in particular, is very lively and popular on these occasions, and has a sprightly air, which neither the well-known "propriety" and haughtiness of her royal mamma, nor the indifference of her big lazy husband, seem to have dampened.

We see that Mr. Rosenberg, so long and favorably known as one of our best novelists in a serial form, and especially known to the readers of this paper and the *Glimmer Corner*, has commenced a new novel in the *American Publisher*, a monthly paper, now issuing in Hartford, Conn. It is called, "Before the Time; or, The Two Sides of Life," and is commenced with great freshness and originality. We need scarcely commend it to our readers, who are so thoroughly acquainted with him. The paper is an excellent one as regards style of make-up and typography. Its contributors are generally far above the average. Indeed, they number amongst them such names as Mark Twain and Colonel Knox, whose "Siberian Travels" we reviewed some months since so fully. The American Publishing Company, by whom it is issued, have evidently secured a very able editor in Mr. Orion Clemens; and we have small doubt that he will make it a positive success, if he displays the same energy in the future conduct of the paper which has marked its commencement.

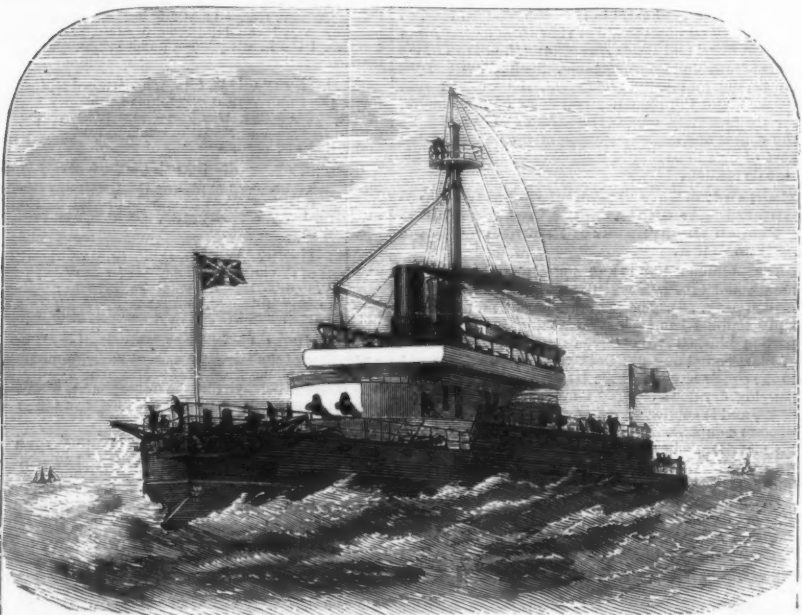
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



PARIS.—THE ELECTIONS—SESSION OF THE PRESS-UNION OF PARIS TO SELECT CANDIDATES AND FORM A REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.



ENGLAND.—THE PRINCE OF WALES EXAMINING THE FRENCH DEPARTMENT IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.



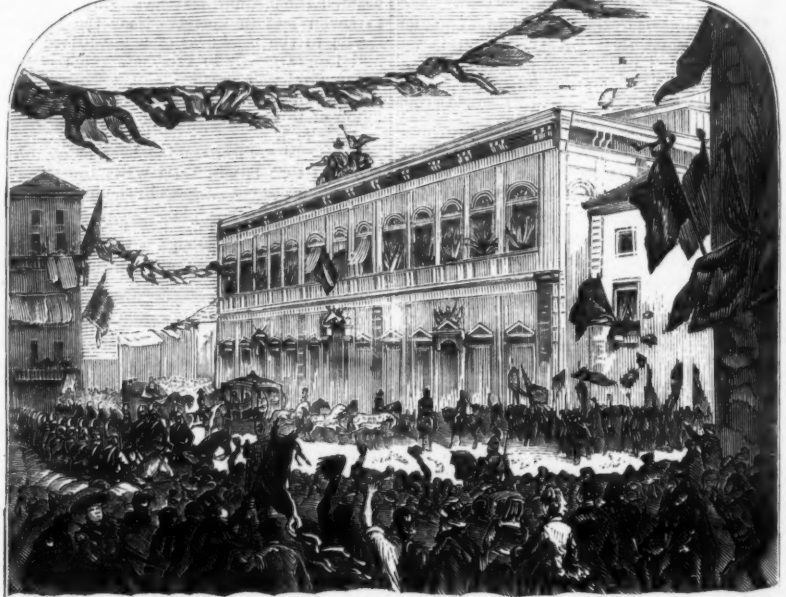
ENGLAND.—NEW SEA-GOING MONITOR, THE "DEVASTATION."



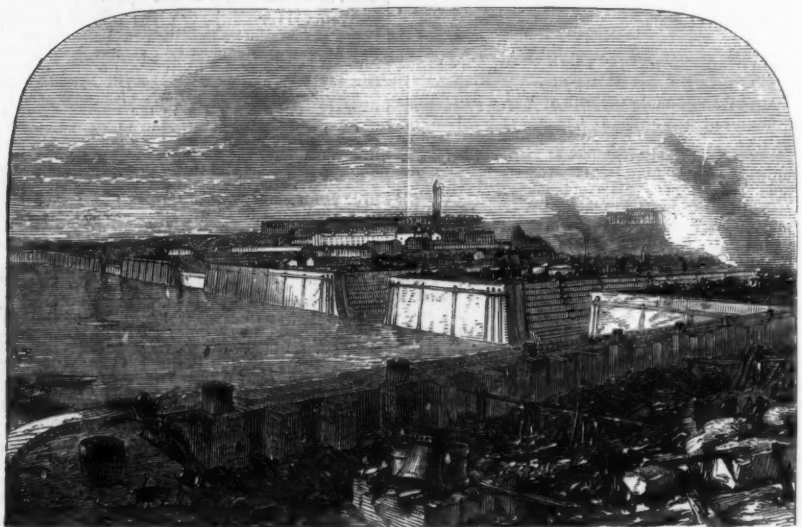
PARIS.—PRESENT STATE OF THE TUILERIES PALACE—RUINS OF THE HALL OF STUCCOES.



BELGIUM.—MORRIBING THE RESIDENCE OF VICTOR HUGO AT BRUSSELS.



ROME.—VICTOR EMMANUEL'S ENTRY INTO ROME—THE KING PROCEEDING TO THE QUIRINAL PALACE.



ENGLAND.—REPAIRING-BASIN RECENTLY COMPLETED AT THE CHATHAM DOCKS.



FRANCE.—THE WIFE OF MARSHAL MACMAHON, AFTER THE REVIEW AT LONGCHAMPS, DISTRIBUTING ASSISTANCE IN THE VILLAGE OF ISSY.

THE LATE GEN. CAVADA.

We have to regret the loss of one of the ablest generals America has given to the cause of Cuban Independence, and one of the most accomplished men of letters and amateur artists in the Cuban army. Several of the admirable sketches published in this paper some months ago, illustrating scenes and characters in the Cuban war, were from General Cavada's facile crayon.

Federico Fernandez Cavada, the last victim of Spanish cruelty, was born in 1832, at Cienfuegos, Island of Cuba. He was educated at Philadelphia, Pa., where he graduated at an early age. He followed the profession of a civil engineer until the outbreak of the Rebellion, when he volunteered his services to the National Government, receiving a captain's commission on the staff of General McClellan. He afterward attained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and was placed on the staff of General Graham. Subsequently, he became Colonel, and at the battle of Gettysburg was captured and sent to Libby Prison, but was eventually released after enduring many hardships. He soon rejoined the Federal army, and served until the end of the war.

Returning to Cuba, he was shortly afterward appointed United States Consul at Cienfuegos. But having renounced his allegiance to Spain, and claiming American citizenship, the Spanish Government refused to recognize him as an American official.

Not long after receiving this appointment, the Cuban revolt commenced, and Cavada promptly tendered his services to Cespedes, who appointed him Colonel in the Cuban army. His gallant conduct in the field gained for him the rank of Brigadier, and then that of Major-General. He succeeded General Jordan as General-in-Chief of the Cuban armies, but held that position only a brief period, as the Cubans considered it advisable to leave each of the Departments under separate commanders. He was captured, June 30th, at Cayo-Cruz, and shot at Puerto-Principe, July 1st.



ALGERIAN TYPES.

THE REVOLT IN ALGERIA.

We learn from our files of French journals that the news from Algeria is alarming. The insurgents are burning the forests and committing horrible atrocities. In this way the whirligig of time brings about its revenges, and the descendants of those hapless Africans whom St. Arnaud smoked out like rats in their cave have learned to assist in the game of compensation arranged by Providence. The last item is the joining in the revolt of the Oran inhabitants. Oran is a populous province of industrious Mohammedans, which, ever since Abd-el-Kader was driven out from it in the time of Louis Philippe, has remained tolerably quiet under French rule; not cheaply so, however—the trial of Captain Dolneau in the old fortified town of Oran, in 1857, showing the habitual exercise of cruel and despotic power on the part of the French officials. The possession of Algeria has been, in fact, one of the most expensive appanages of the vanity of France, which she is hardly rich enough to support much longer. The country has always been unsettled in the internal portions, and we may now look for a speedy spread of independence from the core to the exterior.

NARROW-GAUGE CARS.

In the new interest accorded to narrow-gauge railways, a number of gentlemen interested in such matters examined the cars of which we portray a specimen, as they were delayed for the purpose at West Philadelphia depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad on the 18th and 19th July. The carriages were built by the Jackson & Sharp Company, at Wilmington, Del., for use on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, and have been just sent out. They exhibit every convenience attainable in a narrow-gauge car, and indeed leave few or no comforts to be desired.

Our engraving shows the method of economizing the space usually granted for the aisle, by placing the seats alternately, so that passengers can wind through, in a graceful undulating track around the elbows, from one extremity of the carriage to the other. Our engraving of a three-foot gauge passenger car, in fact, enables untraveled readers to form an accurate idea of the capacity, stability and comfort possible with this new type of rolling stock. The Denver-Rio Grande cars are each three-foot gauge, 35 feet in length, 7 feet in width, and 10½ feet in height. The car weighs 15,000 lbs., and carries 34 passengers, or 441 pounds of car per passenger; in the broad-gauge cars (4 feet 8½ inches wide), carrying 54 passengers, the common weight of car is 39,000 pounds, or 722 pounds of car per passenger. This shows the great saving in pulling weight behind the engine secured by the new system, without sacrificing the safety or well-being of the passengers. The centre of gravity has been kept so low, in designing these carriages, that there is less danger of upsetting than with the broad-gauge car.

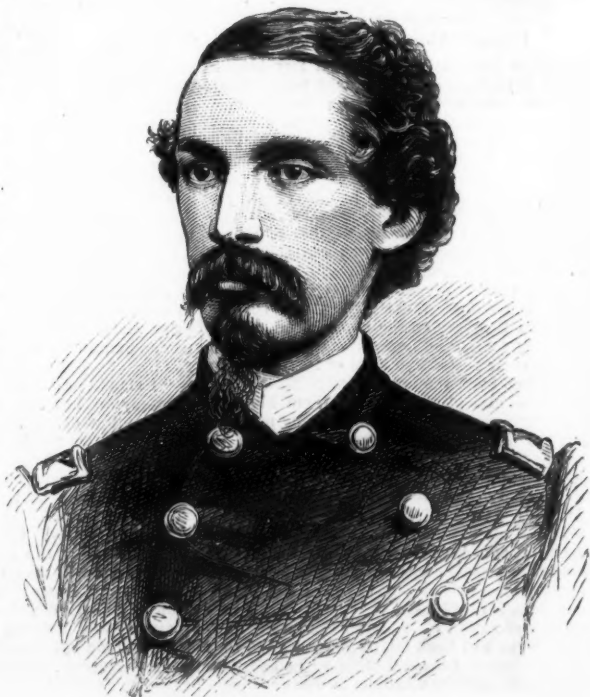
THE FERRYBOAT EXPLOSION.

We resume our interesting and authentic illustrations of the terrible explosion on the Westfield, a disaster in which the public interest increases rather than diminishes. Our photographer has secured an accurate view of the dismembered boat, of the portion of the boiler remaining jammed in the hold, and of a piece of the same preserved at the headquarters of Police, concerning which an expert (Thurston) testified that it was a strong piece of evidence, showing the explosion was caused by "furore." The investigation of the case has been going on before Inspectors Leonard H. Boole and William Hill. The Coroner's Jury will sit on the day this paper appears.

The general summing up from the evidence so far indicates that the generation of too much steam in a boiler almost completely worn out



THE NARROW-GAUGE.—INTERIOR OF A CAR BUILT FOR THE DENVER AND RIO GRANDE (THREE-FOOT GAUGE) RAILROAD.



THE LATE GENERAL FEDERICO F. CAVADA, OF THE CUBAN REVOLUTIONARY ARMY.

and a faulty steam gauge were the combinations that produced the disaster on the Westfield.

An expert (Mr. Lighthall) testified, on Thursday, that "the safety-valve was in a shocking condition." It was so badly corroded that it could not be relied upon as an indication of the pressure. The maker of the boiler testified that it was more than twelve years old and worn out. Old boilers, however, provided with imperfect gauges, are doubtless traveling on all our lines of ferry and railway, and bearing from time to time, as this one did, the test of inspection. The immediate cause of the Westfield explosion is almost as much in the dark as ever. A significant point, brought out in the examination of N. W. Williams of a Philadelphia Association of Engineers was, that unequal expansion, as has been frequently suggested, was the real cause of the explosion. Mr. Williams's theory is, that the impurity of the water in the boiler occasioned a higher temperature at the bottom of the boiler than at the top. The lower side is hotter than at the water-line; this inequality of temperature produces a corresponding inequality of expansion; and this was sufficient to produce the explosion under a pressure of only twenty-seven pounds, which is, at least, what the Westfield carried. This consideration, however, would apply doubtless to multitudes of boilers which we keep in use every day, and which do not explode. The best lesson so far deduced is the necessity of having such ticklish parts of the machinery changed promptly after the period at which iron is known to lose its integrity.

From our artist's sketch-book we reproduce a couple of scenes immediately following the calamity. One represents the sickening recognition, by relatives, of the disfigured and mutilated victims; the other, far less to the credit of our common humanity, depicts the ghouls and vampires who used this terrible occasion for the practice of their nefarious calling.

NATURE'S COMFORTING.

No, nor to the April lilies,
Though fair be their moonlight sheen;
No, not to the July roses,
Though each be a radiant queen.
Not to the sweet Spring loveliness,
Not the Summer glow,
Not to Autumn's gorgeous parting smile,
Nor to Winter's royal snow.
The world is rich in its varying dress,
Its seasons are full and fair—
It can brighten, gladden, or dream for us,
But oh, mourner, go not there!

The young leaves flaunt their fresh, green life,
Though they wave o'er the coffin-pall;
The young flowers blossom in beauty bright,
Though our heart-buds fade and fall.
The bird's gay carol jars the ear
That thrills to the death-bell's note;
Dreadfully into the darkened room
Sweet scents of the jasmine float.
If our hopes are blighted, our prizes naught,
Are the fruits less rich and rare?
Wears the laughing sky one cloud for us?
Nay, mourner, look not there!

Who would have nature's comforting,
I rede them seek the shore
Where 'er and aye through sun and shade
The great waves rise and roar!
The mighty thunderous music
Will lull the fevered brain,
The low, melodious monotone
Breathe patience unto pain;
The whisper of the ebbing tide
Answer the passionate prayer
With "wait—hush! wait for a little while."
Oh, mourner! linger there!

MAUD MOHAN;

OR,

WAS HE WORTH THE WINNING?

BY ANNIE THOMAS,

AUTHOR OF "DENNIS DONNE," "CALLED TO ACCOUNT,"
"THE DOWER HOUSE," "PLAYED OUT," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—A FAIR ALLY.

FREQUENT intercourse, during a few bright Summer days, between two young people who commenced with a predisposition to like one another, is almost sure to bring about a great degree of intimacy. Before that eventful Friday dawned which brought Lady Maskleyne and Maud Mohan down to Colton Towers, Gertrude and her cousin Edward had developed an amount of sympathy for one another that was unprecedented in the annals of either of them. It was not only that they had a liking for the same style of literature, and a conviction that the same canons of art were correct—young people always have these likings and convictions when they are on the border-land of love—but they really and honestly had been in the habit all their respective lives of looking upon many things from the same standpoint.

For instance. They each of them had the most deeply grounded and thoroughly genuine horror of Humbug. And under the head of Humbug they classed all such things as bygone squabbles and baseless pretensions. Because their parents had most unhappily been at odds, they saw no reason why they should not be in most perfect union. Because the mother of one had thought fit to look down upon and slight the mother of the other, there was no cause visible to their bright young vision which could mar the perfect and profound appreciation each had of the other. Because others had been foolish, they argued that it all the more behooved them to be sensible, and sociable in their relations to one another.

But then, to the credit of their discretion be it said that they were only sensible and sociable

with one another. There was no sentiment in the matter, no phylandering in their manner. One or two naturally keen and interested observers observing them very closely at this juncture, could detect "nothing" that could suggest "anything" between Sir Edward Maskleyne and his young cousin Gertrude. They were so entirely at their ease with one another, indeed, that a stranger might have been deceived into believing that they had "flirted out" their interest in one another—flirted it out, and outlived it, and come to the conclusion that warm friendship was their proper rôle.

But those who knew them well, knew that this was not the case; and still, all that these well-informed ones could discover was, that the gracious-looking young pair were entirely sympathetic, as the Italians have it, expressing by the word much more than we can ever hope to express by our heavier "sympathy."

And now these bright days which had nurtured such delicious harmony between the young kinsfolk were at an end. The girl was the one to recognize the fact first, and she did it on the occasion of his coming to her with his heart full of happy tidings.

Gertrude was out in the garden, galling the gardener in his tenderest feelings by the lavish way in which she was gathering some of his choicest flowers. It was about eight in the evening, and for the first time since his return to Colton Towers her cousin Edward was an absentee at this hour.

She was not angry or disappointed exactly about this; she was only—what shall I say?—unpleasantly aware of it. Of course it would have been unreasonable to expect him, and of course he had prior claims on him to-night. But "all the same!" Well! the majority of us know what a girl means and thinks and feels when she says "All the same" to herself, about a man not coming when she expects him. All the same it was dull in this garden of roses without him, and the hours of her young life that he had spent with her were the brightest she had ever known.

At last he came into the garden from the open window of the drawing-room. Came along toward her with that air of unexpressed but still understood certainty of a glad reception being awarded to him. And she turned to him as a flower turns to the sun, being glad of him.

"My mother and Miss Mohan have arrived," he said.

"Can they spare you so soon?"

"I think she was rather glad to spare me; coming back after so many years to the old place must have been rather a trying thing."

He was thinking wholly and solely of his mother, Gertrude at once decided in her own mind, still it was only "pure womanly" of her to make hypocritical reply.

"I didn't know that Miss Mohan had ever been at Colton Towers before."

"Miss Mohan!—I was speaking of my mother. I owe so much to my mother, Gertrude." There was genuine emotion in his face and voice and manner as he spoke. Gertrude's heart gave a responsive throb as she looked at him and listened. Then it went down as she remembered that her mother and this duly-prized mother of his were antagonistic one to another. And then it gave a hopeful flutter as it remembered that these were not the days of life-long vendettas and family feuds.

"How glad you must be to have them with you," she continued to say.

"So I am—so I expect you to be," he answered, looking at her earnestly. "Look here, Gertrude, don't begin with a mistake. Come up to-morrow, all of you, as if you thought it was a good thing that my mother should be back here, will you?"

He had got her to sit down on a gnarled and knotted wooden seat by this time—a seat that was sheltered by well-trained ivy and clematis; and now, as he asked her this, he seated himself beside her, and put his hand upon hers. And just as he did this, Bessie and Charles Roper came sauntering right in front of them, and Sir Edward's friendly action was patent to them both.

"It—it is a good thing, I am sure of that," Gertrude said, earnestly, with rapidly crimsoning cheeks. "Don't you begin by making a mistake. I can't bear that you should think it possible we could be selfish enough to regret your mother's arrival."

Bessie and Charles Roper had loitered by a flower-bed near to the pair on the rustic bench. The initiative had been given by the man, and as quickly taken by the girl as if there was no pain to her in the pause.

"He wants to be near Gerty, though she has no thought for him and no eyes for him; he wants to be near her, and I will never thwart him!"

She was quite right in saying that Gertrude had no eyes for Charles Roper, and no thought for him. All Gertrude's energies at this juncture were bent upon the task of assuring Sir Edward Maskleyne that there was no jealousy in her heart of these new-comers, who had the prior claim on him though they were new-comers, and who might, by right of that claim, rob her of what was very precious to her.

"I should never think you selfish," he said, in reply to her last remark. "No possible combination of awkwardnesses and mistakes could make me think you selfish, Gertrude; but I want you to help me to obviate these possible awkwardnesses and mistakes. Is Charles Roper botanizing, that he hangs over that bed with such a rapt air?"

"I don't know," Gertrude said, with a touch of confusion. "Shall we go and see?"

"No, we will stay where we are," he said, with that *souper* of authority in his tone which women like to detect in the tones of the men they are well inclined to. "You haven't settled with me yet as to what hour you will come over to-morrow. Let me tell my mother with certainty to-night that you are coming."

"She will think it such an unimportant matter," Gertrude said, in a low voice.

"No, she will not be so foolish. Remember that in all probability she will live the rest of her life out here; she has, by a long, unbroken course of self-sacrifice, won back my right to live at Colton Towers. Do you think she can be indifferent to the surroundings of the place she has suffered for? Do you think she can be indifferent to one of the name that she bears and loves, and has lifted a cloud off? Don't come to a meeting with my mother with the notion that she is a silly upstart who, by way of giving herself undue importance, will seek to underrate others. Let me teach you to understand her!"

"But I can't say when we will come; that rests with mamma."

"I know that. But, Gertrude, your mother is such a loving mother, and such a sensible woman, that she will let her judgment be guided by you in a great measure. Tell her, we feel it will be very good that there should be prompt harmony between the elder members of the two branches. Come in with me now, and help me to convince my aunt."

He rose as he said it, and offered her his arm, and she put her hand on it thoughtfully, and walked with him toward the open window of the drawing-room. On their way they passed Bessie and Charles Roper, and the latter ceased from his researches amongst the petals of the petunias at once.

"Is the consultation over?" he said, trying not to seem both annoyed and embarrassed.

"I came in hopeful of a game of croquet."

"I haven't time for one, I'm afraid," Sir Edward Maskleyne said, drawing out his watch as he spoke. "I want to get back to my mother as soon as I have preferred a petition to Mrs. Maskleyne."

Charles Roper's heart went down like a stone when he heard these words, "as soon as I have preferred a petition to Mrs. Maskleyne." Could it be that he—this newly-known cousin—had come wooing to-night, and having won the girl, was now going in triumph to her mother? He tried to send a glance of piteous interrogation into Gertrude's eyes, but Gertrude either would not, or could not, understand it. Another had quicker sympathy with him, though, and that other was Bessie.

"I feel sure that Sir Edward has been asking Gertrude to get mamma to call on Lady Maskleyne; that's what the consultation has been about, depend upon it, Charlie."

"Do you think that is all?" he said, a little relieved at once, and making his relief very manifest.

"Yes, I think that is all, but—" and then she looked him very frankly and very feelingly in the face—"but I think there will be more by-and-by."

"Do you think they care for each other?" he asked, turning his head—"more than cousins, I mean—more than he and you do, for instance?"

"Yes." She spoke the word so softly and piteously, that the young man felt for a moment as if he could confide in her as he could in a loving sister. But the moments passed, and no confidence was made, and then—

"Hope resumed her empire in his breast."

"After all," he said, looking wistfully at the pair whom they could just discern inside the window talking to Mrs. Maskleyne—"after all, we may be mistaken, Bessie. This Miss Mohan, who has come down with his mother, is a beauty and an heiress, and her coming to stay at his house looks as if there were more than friendship between them."

"Her coming down as the first honored guest looks as if his mother hoped to bring about something more than friendship," Bessie said, smiling; "but 'young blood' will have its course!" You must remember that Lady Maskleyne has the selection of the lady guests while she is mistress of her son's house, so that this compliment being paid to Miss Mohan means nothing from him; and you must also remember that my sister Gertrude is as great a beauty as Miss Mohan can possibly be."

"Don't I remember it!" he said, mournfully; "but still—oh! he's going! Do you think Gertrude will play croquet now?"

Gertrude came out to them presently, and gave them an abridged form of the conversations Sir Edward had held with her mother and herself.

"He was so sensible and cordial, that he made me see the fitness of mamma going over soon, before he went in to tackle her; and then mamma, being equally sensible and cordial when he did tackle her, she gave him her promise to go to-morrow without any unnecessary fuss."

"To-morrow! Won't that be very soon?" Charles Roper said, discontentedly.

"Not for such near relations," Gertrude said, quickly; and then, while she stood there with her eyes cast down and her cheeks glowing, Charles Roper asked her if she would have a game of croquet.

"Can't you be happy for one evening without knocking the balls about?" she said, laughing. "This sweet, soft Summer evening air makes me lazy; I feel much more inclined to sit down."

"Let us sit down and talk, then," he said, throwing himself on the grass at their feet, as the two girls seated themselves on the rustic bench.

"Bessie shall talk; one sentence of hers is worth a dozen of mine," Gertrude said, lovingly putting her head down on Bessie's shoulder.

"You prefer thinking?" Charles Roper said, rather bitterly.

But Gertrude disarmed him, and put the bitterness aside by saying:

"Yes, I can't help thinking a great deal about my aunt; there must be something grand about her. She has brought the rooks home to Colton Towers—all of us Maskleynes ought to honor her for that."

So the sweet evening hours slipped by in the garden of the old red-brick house in Treverton;

slipped by very pleasantly for each member of that trio, for Charles Roper had recovered his self-possession, and was impartial in the interest he evinced for each of the sisters, and both the sisters had it in them to very graciously reward the efforts that any other human being made for their entertainment.

They were blessed with rarely unselfish dispositions, in fact, by nature, and these dispositions had been rarely cultivated and trained by example as well as by precept; so to-night they each made it pleasant, according to their lights, to Charles Roper. And Charles Roper dragged the fear that had possessed him, and

"Gathered his roses while he might."

Meanwhile Sir Edward Maskleyne found his mother and Miss Mohan reclining at their ease in a softly lamp-lighted boudoir. There was such perfect sympathy subsisting between these two women, it never occurred to them to think that because they were together it behooved them to talk when they were not inclined to do so. So now Lady Maskleyne sat in a waking dream by one open window, while Maud lounged on a sofa by the shaded lamp, and suffered all her attention to be engrossed by a new installment of one of Anthony Trollope's novels.

He came into the room so gently, that the girl was unconscious of his entrance. But his mother heard him at once, and looked round with a bright smile. She did not speak, though, and so for a minute he stood silently taking in the scene.

I have told you already what Lady Maskleyne was like when she was in undress uniform, as it were, but to-night she wore robes of state, to do honor to her own return to the home of her son's ancestors.

And in her robes of state she was a superb lady—a very queen, indeed. Her long, dark-purple velvet dress swept away in heavy rich folds like a royal mantle; her head was thrown back with justifiable pride and satisfaction, for it was her work—it was by reason of her countless self-sacrifices that Colton Towers was quite her boy's own again.

Rich old point-lace shaded the faded hair, and softened the furrows of the faded cheek. There were a dozen rings at least on her long, graceful fingers—rare old rings, intaglios and cameos, that made each finger a miniature art-gallery, and one hoop of diamonds in an old setting, which was elaborated to a degree that made it only second in worth to the gems it contained. Unquestionably in her robes of state Lady Maskleyne was worthy of the admiring regard her son was bestowing upon her.

Presently, his eyes traveled on to the sofa, where Maud Mohan was lying propped up amidst the Cretonne chintzes. How graceful she looked, to be sure, in that attitude into which she had fallen! One arm was up under her head on the pillow, and was revealed to him by the falling back of the sleeve. What a round, white, firm arm it was! And how tiny the hand that was grasping the number of Anthony Trollope's new novel looked!

"What a rest to the eye all those billows of white muslin and black lace are!" he thought. "And, by Jove! how bewitchingly those black lashes curl themselves down upon her cheeks!"

Then she lifted her lashes and saw him. "Why do you creep into rooms like a ghost or a cat, Sir Edward?" this young lady said, throwing her book down, and springing up from the sofa at once.

"I am glad that I was so noiseless; I had, at least, a few moments' enjoyment of a very pretty picture. Now, both my mother and you have moved, and the picture is broken up!"

He went forward to his mother as he spoke, and knelt on one knee by her chair, and she turned to him with all a mother's loving pride in her eyes, and put her hand on his curls.

"Have you been over the house yet, mother?" he asked.

She shook her head. "Have you waited for me to go with you?" he whispered, and she smiled with a sort of glad gratefulness for his thought, though she answered:

"No, dear; I shall go over the old house alone for the first time. Not even you, or Maud," she added, holding her hand out to the girl, "must see how the old woman bears the sight of the dear familiar place after these long years!"

He took her hand down from his head now, and pressed his upon it.

"She'll bear it beautifully, as she bears everything else!" he said, caressingly. "Mother, dear, some old friends are coming to see you to-morrow."

She gave a little start; but her son held her hand the closer, and went on:

"Some old friends, and some new ones—"

"Name them!" she interrupted.

"My uncle and aunt Edward, and their two daughters."

"Coming to-morrow, Edward?"

"Why not, mother? They are the nearest relations I have in the world. Is it not natural that they should do you all the honor they can, as soon as they can?"

"They have not existed for me for years!" she said, with a touch of the *hauteur* with which her son was so familiar. "How can they do me honor, Edward? I warned you against an intimacy with them, and now you would commit me to it! Do I not deserve some consideration at your hands?"

She spoke excitedly, and Maud Mohan felt sorry for the scene, and showed her sorrow in one momentary glance at him, which did more to further their good understanding than weeks of ordinary conventional intercourse could have done.

"Dear Lady Maskleyne," she said, quietly, "how nice it is to see that you two are so full of consideration for one another, that you have none left for yourselves! It can't have been pleasant for Sir Edward to have left you to-night on a mazzag-up errand, and still he did it; and it wouldn't be pleasant for you to live

here unrecognized by the other members of the Maskleyne family, and still you object to their taking any of your attention away from your son to-morrow. Remember, there will be no more pawings between you two now, and don't act as if he was going off to Central Africa next week!"

Sir Edward looked at the speaker admiringly.

"You're a plucky girl as well as a good one," he thought, and he waited with some interest for his mother's answer.

It came at last. "My dear Maud," she said—and there was as much admiration in her tone as there had been in her son's glance—"there is no fear of any misunderstanding arising that you can clear up. How you know us both, dear!" she added, fondly, and Maud had hard work to keep her blushes down.

"I know you very well, at any rate," the girl said, laughing. "As for Sir Edward, I judge him to be very much like other men, averse to fuss and unnecessary ill-feeling. This aunt Edward was promoted from the ranks, wasn't she?"

"No, no; you're mistaken," Sir Edward interrupted.

"She married very much above her," Lady Maskleyne said, austerely. "You must admit, my boy, your father's brother might have chosen a more fitting mate than a lawyer's daughter."

"If my uncle Edward had married a lady, with a countess for a maid, and a kingdom for her dower,"

I should never have thought that he had married other than fittingly," he said, gayly, feeling that he was carrying his point and paving the way for a family reunion. "He is such a splendid fellow, Miss Mohan! I shall expect you to fall very much in love with my uncle Edward."

"Has he a son who inherits his good qualities?" she asked, laughing; "if he has, I may declare war against all the Trevorton young ladies—who knows?"

"He has no son," Sir Edward said; and—

"I dislike jokes on such a subject," Lady Maskleyne put in, gravely. "The son of Mr. Maskleyne, of Trevorton, and of a late Miss Oliver, would be no fitting match for you, child."

"Dear Lady Maskleyne," the audacious young favorite said, kneeling down before and lovingly defying her old friend, "what a lucky thing it is that he hasn't a son, because, if he had, and the son loved me by any odd chance, and I loved the son, how surely I should run counter to your ideas on the subject, and

"—Marry my own love,"

whatever you might think."

She sprang up as she finished her sentence, and stood looking so saucy, so defiant, so warm and lovable and womanly, altogether, that he admired her far more than he had ever done before.

"She was a brave, honest-hearted girl, and no mistake," he told himself. "Whatever my mother's designs may be respecting her, Maud won't further them; she will love where she pleases, and marry where she loves. What a sweet little friend she will be to me!"

Then he looked at her again, and did admire her very much.

When it came to the hour for the ladies to retire, he manoeuvred, for the first time in his life, to get a few words alone with Maud. And his mother, that affectionate detective, found him out in his manoeuvring, and aided him skillfully.

"Be with my mother—manage to be with my mother when they come to-morrow, will you, Miss Mohan?"

"I will."

"By Jove! she's a girl to keep the word of promise to the heart as well as to the ear," he thought.

(To be continued.)

TRAVELS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.*

[We copy from the London *Spectator* of July 15th the following notice of the translation from the French, by our countrywoman, Mrs. M. F. Squier, of the interesting and valuable work of M. Morelet on the unexplored regions of Central America.—ED.]

There are few among our readers, we imagine, to whom the names of Peten, Merida, the Usumasinta, or even the province of Yucatan itself, present more than the vaguest of associations, suggest, perhaps, virgin forests, half-conquered Indians, and regions of unclaimed swamp. We confess we opened this little volume, the work of a French naturalist, with some misgivings as to the possibility of his throwing much light on the subject of these great districts, which even the Conquest failed materially to touch. We have been agreeably surprised. M. Morelet seems to lift a veil from these so seemingly impenetrable regions, and to show them to be lying, as it were, at our very doors, with no conceivable reasons for our neglecting the resources placed within reach of our industry and research, save lack of that same indomitable energy and enthusiasm which enabled him to surmount all difficulties, brave the unknown in search of possible fresh treasures, fresh revelations of Nature. He went out at his own expense, simply as a naturalist devoted to the interests of science, and continually, whilst reading passage after passage in his book—in which, with incredible quickness of transition, he passes from the enumeration of evils, which, to the ordinary traveler, would have assumed very different proportions, to the details of his delight in some new plant or bird or fish, or even venomous reptile or insect—we are reminded that

"The man
Who in this spirit communes with the forms of Nature,
Looks round,
And seeks for good, and finds the good he seeks,
Until abhorrence and contempt are things
He only knows by name."

M. Morelet's work in the original was comprised in two volumes, entitled "Voyages dans l'Amérique

centrale, l'île de Cuba, et l'Yucatan," but in the English edition, the account of his voyage across the Atlantic and tour through the island of Cuba have been omitted, and the narrative taken up at the point where, leaving Campeachy, he entered on almost untrodden ground. His explorations and researches "cover the vast delta of the Usumasinta, extending to the ruins of Palenque on the west, and thence eastward to the singular terrestrial basin of the mysterious Lake of Itza or Peten. From this centre they extended southward, through a vast wilderness, and the hitherto untraversed and undescribed province of Vera Paz." The origin of the latter name is not without interest. When addressing the Indian chiefs, familiar only with the fiercer side of the nature of their European conquerors, Las Casas was assuring them "Providence only wishes to operate upon misguided souls through the teachings of the Gospel. It has a horror of unjust wars undertaken in its name; it wishes neither captives nor slaves to bow before its altars. Persuasion and gentle treatment are sufficient to win the hearts of the most obstinate to the shrine of duty." The chiefs, with an ironical smile, replied in the one word, "try," and he did try, and as a field for his experiment chose the province of Tuzulutlan, called "Tierra de Guerra" by the Spaniards, on account of its obstinate resistance to their arms. Las Casas stipulated only that for five years none of his countrymen should be permitted to enter the country, and that, if successful, it should never be enfeoffed to any of them. The savage tribes yielded to the transforming power; in a few years the name of *Tierra de Guerra* was forgotten, and that of *Vera Paz*, which it retains, was substituted, and the new designation confirmed by the Emperor Charles V.

We have given this brief résumé of the facts as narrated by our author, but if the province has some scanty interest for the historian—and it is but scanty, for the civilization introduced by the missionary, if it has left its trace on the manners, has done little for the political life of the thin population of the country—it has at least boundless attractions for the naturalist. Everything M. Morelet says that he saw around him was new, and all picturesque and magnificent. After his first night in Vera Paz he woke to a scene which, he tells us, almost drove from his mind even the loveliness of many parts of the *Tierra Caliente*. Every inch of the ground of the forest which stretched around him was covered with parasitic plants, rich in beauty, and the presence of which was no evidence of the decadence of the trees round which they twined, for from their midst hundreds of tree ferns sprang up almost as high and straight, and infinitely more graceful, than the palm, "their delicate foliage falling in graceful umbels beneath the shadows of gigantic oaks, of which there are at least fifty varieties in Vera Paz." And while still in the shadow of the woods, he saw spread out at his feet the lake bathed in a flood of light, and could distinguish "fields of maize alternating with pasturage, and streams winding their way through widespread verdure, while framing the whole were the hills, cultivated to their very tops, crowned with pines, and above these the great mountain-chains as if propping up the distant horizon."

The people have made but small progress in horticulture, so that the capacities of the country are comparatively untapped; but the banana, the rose-apple, the orange, and the grandilla, flourish. The coffee-tree yields abundantly, and the cotton trade seems to have declined through no fault of nature. In all the districts the excessive fertility of the soil seems to have produced an indifference to labor among the inhabitants. Why work, when food may be had for the gathering? Writing of a fine promenade lined with orange-trees near the gate of St. Ana, in Campeachy, M. Morelet says, "The cultivation of fruits and flowers is by no means common; they are left to the unaided production of nature, who lavishes them at certain periods of the year in boundless profusion." And while observing that he was unfortunate in the time of his visit, as regarded flowers, few being in bloom, he yet tells us that, "studding the hedges were the fibrous clematis, and along the beach the anemone, with its fragrant leaves, and a kind of cactus, the petaya, which climbs the trunks of adjacent trees and suspends its flowers and fruits from their branches, and the Mexican poppy, suspending its golden petals in the streets of the city." Among the fruits entirely new to him, he found the cactinillo, about the size of an apple, with the taste of a strawberry; and the anona, which has a unctuous pulp of a peculiar but delicious taste, which leaves, he says, on the palate a flavor of perfumed cream. A curious fact is mentioned in connection with Campeachy, namely, that the calcareous rock which underlies the city was mined in every direction by the ancient inhabitants. These subterranean galleries bear no evidence of having been inhabited by man, and there seems reason to believe that they were used as vast reservoirs for water, there being no good water to be obtained in Campeachy except what is collected during the rainy season.

M. Morelet's visit to the ruins of Palenque, a town which even in the days of Cortez had ceased to exist, is full of interest to the antiquarian as well as the naturalist. M. Morelet inclines to the belief that these ancient palaces were the work of the Toltecs, somewhere about the eleventh century, and thinks much evidence points to the action and preponderance of a common race over the whole territory lying between Cape Catoche and the Mexican table-land.

The beauty and picturesqueness of the country completely satisfied our author; it seemed as if the place might be a refuge from all the wear and tear of an old and, as it has since proved, very rotten civilization—might be a very Arcadia; but closer inspection dispelled that dream. Looking at it from the cold heights of remote criticism, we should be inclined to think the very literal serpents in all these paradises of Central America a serious drawback to calm enjoyment. The very name of Campeachy, for instance, is suggestive, derived, according to Waldock, from the Maya, *cam*, serpent, *petche*, garapaeta, the latter a disagreeable variety of tick, "which buries its head and claws under the skin so deeply as to render removal impossible without leaving some portion of its body to rot and fester in the flesh." They are a perfect plague in themselves, while roaches, scorpions, centipedes, and mosquitoes throng everywhere. We fear, too, the greatest optimist who has ever traveled through these regions would find himself only too often recalling the lines in Bishop Heber's hymn—

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

Here, in this district of Santo Domingo del Palenque the population since 1752 has dwindled to one-third. The inhabitants cannot be roused from their native apathy to develop the resources which lie on every side. The soil seems admirably adapted for the culture of tobacco, but little is done in this way. The town is not isolated, like so many of their villages, shut in by almost impassable difficulties from communication

with the outer world; but navigable rivers and passable roads connect it with the very centre of Yucatan, while Peten may be reached by the Rio Usumasinta and Tobacco, by way of Las Playas. In alluding to the river Usumasinta, it may be as well, perhaps, that the reader should understand clearly that we are speaking of no insignificant stream. The river system of the Usumasinta has an extent of at least one hundred and fifty leagues, and is a river capable, says our traveler, of being the route of communication, bringing together the most distant parts, and uniting among themselves adjacent provinces, but at present flowing for the most part through unbroken solitudes. From the mouth of the Usumasinta to Balcanan, on a tortuous line of nearly sixty leagues, there exist but two villages; and M. Morelet observes, "It is impossible, in ascending this beautiful stream through the most fertile plains in the world, not to regret that commerce, activity, and life, do not add their charms to its banks." We give one extract in illustration of what some of those charms are:

"Vegetation assumes a more and more interesting appearance as one advances toward the interior. Great willows with trailing branches, gigantic bamboo, beautiful *cyperaceae*, or sedges, resembling the papyrus, aquatic palm-trees with their slender stems, the cecropia with its immense leaves—all unite in ornamenting both banks of the river. Besides these, masses of verdure, spangled with bunches of violet flowers, prodigious white tree-trunks, and vines slender and delicate as the rigging of a ship, continually present themselves to the eye. I observed, among other beautiful trees, the *jahuacte* palm, with its graceful branches bending over the water. Its fruit is acidulous, and of the shape and size of an acorn. It is much sought for by children, and is not without its appeal to the traveler. A great variety of birds enjoy their existence in peace in these solitudes. Among them is the ibis, with its brilliant plumage, the *aramas*, with its ringing voice, and the blue porphyrio, called by the inhabitants *gallo de Montezuma* (Montezuma's chicken). The kingfisher, with its ringed neck, is also found here, of much larger size than with us. It flutters continually over the water; while the falcon, uttering piercing shrieks, plunges suddenly into the river, rises perpendicularly with its prey, and then whirls itself upward high in the air, until almost lost to the view. In contrast with these pleasant sights, we fancied that we discerned numerous alligators, motionlessly watching us from the shores of the little coves of the river; but, then, it was almost impossible to distinguish these amphibious monsters from the uprooted trunks of trees, which the river had covered with its slimy sediment. Reposing on the deck, wrapped in my cloak, I enjoyed with rapture a view truly enchanting from its novelty, and sufficiently exciting to make up for the lack of associations. During the whole of my journey, these pleasurable emotions continued. My interest and curiosity were constantly excited, for I was traveling toward the Unexplored and Unknown; and always excepting the impression produced by my first view of the New World, I must say that the scenes on the Usumasinta, by their melancholy grandeur and primitive poetry, have left the most profound and lasting impressions on my mind."

The effect of these solitudes on the mind of the traveler may be imagined in those hours when he finds himself "alone in the centre of a world without an intelligible past;" but from time to time we come upon descriptions of the so-called cities, the larger villages of this strange world, which stimulate a desire for further inquiry and research. The description of Coban, a town of 12,000 souls, suggests, at least, some originality of device. On approaching the town, and yet seeing scarcely any sign of occupation in the shape of houses or streets, M. Morelet thought he had made some mistake, and inquired where the town might be. "Señor, the town is around you!" was the reply; and so, in truth, it was. But our traveler says he finds it difficult to convey an idea of a town of 12,000 souls, built on an elevation, yet almost invisible, because every single dwelling, with its courtyard and garden, is separated from its neighbor by a gigantic hedge, which entirely conceals it from the public road. This hedge is made principally of a variety of the nettle with immense leaves of a rich green color; its growth is so rapid, that at the end of a few years its stalks become veritable trunks, which interlace each other, so as to form a gray wall covered with mosses and lichens, equally picturesque and serviceable. Most of the streets of Coban are bordered with these hedges, and the city enveloped in a network of verdure which renders even its principal buildings invisible except from their immediate neighborhood.

The population of this singular town possesses, M. Morelet says, all the essential elements of civilization, and numbers among the people some good carpenters, dyers, w-avers, and tailors.

M. Morelet's labors as a naturalist were abundantly rewarded. Nothing was beneath the notice of the man whose eyes were open to discern beauty, or at least design, in each. He returned home laden with specimens, large classes of new plants, fishes, reptiles, and insects, with which he enriched the French Museum of Natural History.

CATTLE TRANSPORT.

ABILENE is the county-seat of Dickinson County, Kansas. The valley of the Smoky River is here wide and very beautiful. The land is so fertile, and the grazing so superior, that Abilene has been selected by several of the most extensive cattle-dealing firms in the United States as the point of concentration and shipment Eastward for Mexican and Texas cattle. Our cut represents the Texas steer in his relation to market and the dinner-table: the steer as a beast of draught is most capably depicted by Colonel T. W. Knox, in an article printed earlier in the present number.

SUPERSTITION OF VAMPIRES.

FROM a case now before the High Tribunal at Berlin, we learn that the superstition of vampires—corpses who are supposed to rise from their graves at night, and suck the blood of those with whom they have held intercourse in life—is still general among the Poles and Magyars.

A Polish gentleman died at his country-seat at Roslasin, in February last, leaving his family in excellent health. A few weeks after his death, however, his eldest son was suddenly and unaccountably taken ill, his short sickness ending in death. Similar cases, though not fatal, occurred among his near relatives. It was at once agreed that the deceased must be a vampire, and that his visits were the cause of this repeated illness. To save himself from the fate of his brother, the second son determined to apply the supposed only remedy, viz.: to exhume his body, cut off his head, and lay it with his feet, while another

person was to collect the blood issuing from the wound to give it to the remaining relatives to drink. He obtained the assistance of a laborer, naturally at a heavy price, but was prevented on his first expedition by the interference of the parish priest. The next attempt proved more successful, and the deed was accomplished. It had been observed, however, by some person in the village, and was thus brought to the knowledge of the authorities. The absurd superstition threatens to cost the desecrator of the churchyard a three months' imprisonment.

NEWS BREVITIES.

MARSHAL BAZAINE is in London.

ENGLAND declines to annex or protect Feejee.

MARRYING a deceased wife's sister is legalized in South Australia.

PRINCE ARTHUR is to be Duke of Connaught.

PEABODY SQUARE, London, built out of the Peabody Fund, was opened recently.

NEW YORK'S beer consumption is 15,555,500 gallons yearly.

A RICH tin mine has been discovered in Sydney, New South Wales.

AN ox-horn from Patagonia, sixty-five inches long and seventeen in circumference, is owned in Baltimore.

THE latest account from Zanzibar states that Dr. Livingstone had made a journey to a point 200 miles west of Tanganyika.

THERE are in New Haven 374 manufacturing establishments, in which is invested a capital amounting to nearly \$10,000,000.

CARLYLE, whose health has not been very good for some time, sailed recently for the Orkneys, where he proposes to remain for a while.

A COMPANY has been formed at Quebec to supply the American market with halibut. This delicious fish is abundant in Canadian waters, but has no home market.

THE late Horatio Ward, of England, left by his will \$13,000 to the Orphans' Home in Bath, Me., and Mr. Charles Davenport, of that city, has just received the money in trust.

THE foreign papers announce the death of Mr. Henry Tupper, son of the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*, which occurred, in consequence of an accident, at the Cape of Good Hope.

HON. HUGH McCULLOCH, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, has secured a sumptuous home in London, and dispenses graceful and acceptable hospitality to Americans visiting that capital.

THE latest revised tables of the census office make the aggregate population of the United States to be as follows: White, 33,581,680; colored, 4,774,222; Indian, 25,733; Japanese, 55; Chinese, 63,166. Total, 38,549,986.

LIEUTENANT FRED. GRANT has been assigned to the Fourth Cavalry, now stationed in Texas, and will join the regiment as soon as the three months' leave of absence, which is allowed to every cadet in the service, expires.

CARL WILHELM, the composer of "The Watch on the Rhine," the chief German national tune during the late European war, has been presented by the German Government with the sum of seven hundred dollars in gold for the current year.

A WOMAN at Saratoga followed her husband in man's clothes one evening to his accustomed encounter with Morrissey's tiger. Seeing him engage in the game, she blew a cloud of smoke in his face to attract his attention, and clapped a \$10 on his \$5. She cured him.

THE Messrs. John Taylor & Sons, of England, are said to be the greatest mining firm in the world, the largest employers of labor in that department, having mines in every quarter of the globe. In Great Britain alone the number of men employed by them is 56,000!

SWINBURNE, in a recent burst of enthusiasm about the good, gay poet, is reported to have said that Walt Whitman is the only man alive he would really enjoy getting drunk with—the same remark which Byron made concerning Hogg, the Elrick Shepherd.

VICTOR HUGO's fortune is estimated at over 2,000,000 francs, and yet, since the Franco-Prussian war, he has had an apprehension that he might come to want, and many believe he has grown deranged on the subject of money—in other words, that he is a money-maniac!

A FAVORITE amusement of the belles of New Bedford in the winter, is sliding down hill on a cod-fish. On a moonlight night hundreds of young ladies belonging to the oldest and most respected families of that ancient town may be seen participating in this healthy and innocent recreation.

THERE is an overstock of ice in Maine. Between 200,000 and 300,000 tons are said to be still stored, mostly on the Kennebec. Over 400,000 tons of ice were cut within a radius of fifteen miles of Boston last winter, which, by competition, has brought prices to a lower figure than at any time during the past five years.

THE Boston *Herald* says: "Mr. Fields, in writing of Dickens's last visit to America, in the August *Atlantic*, mentions his visit to the school-ship, but omits to say anything about that very 'particular' gin which he tried there, and his remark, when offered a clove to cover the odor: 'No, I will be honest, and let the boys smell my breath.'"

THE discovery of an ancient outlet to Lake Superior is mentioned by Professor Winchell, the Director of the State Geological Survey of Michigan, in his last report. It is a deep valley, bordered with high bluffs, and runs from Lake Superior to Green Bay, in Lake Michigan, suggesting the practicability of a ship-canal along the same route, with a view to shortening the voyage between the ports of the two lakes.

"WHAT has become of Herman Melville?" asks the New York *Citizen*. "Years ago—say twenty or thereabouts—he wrote a series of novels, which, for unique merit and outrageous faults, have few equals. Then he suddenly relapsed into silence, broken only by a volume of strikingly original, if extremely bad, poetry. At the present day no one hears his name; and yet, with the single exception of Walt Whitman, America has produced no writer so fresh, bold, vigorous and genuinely poetical, as Herman Melville."

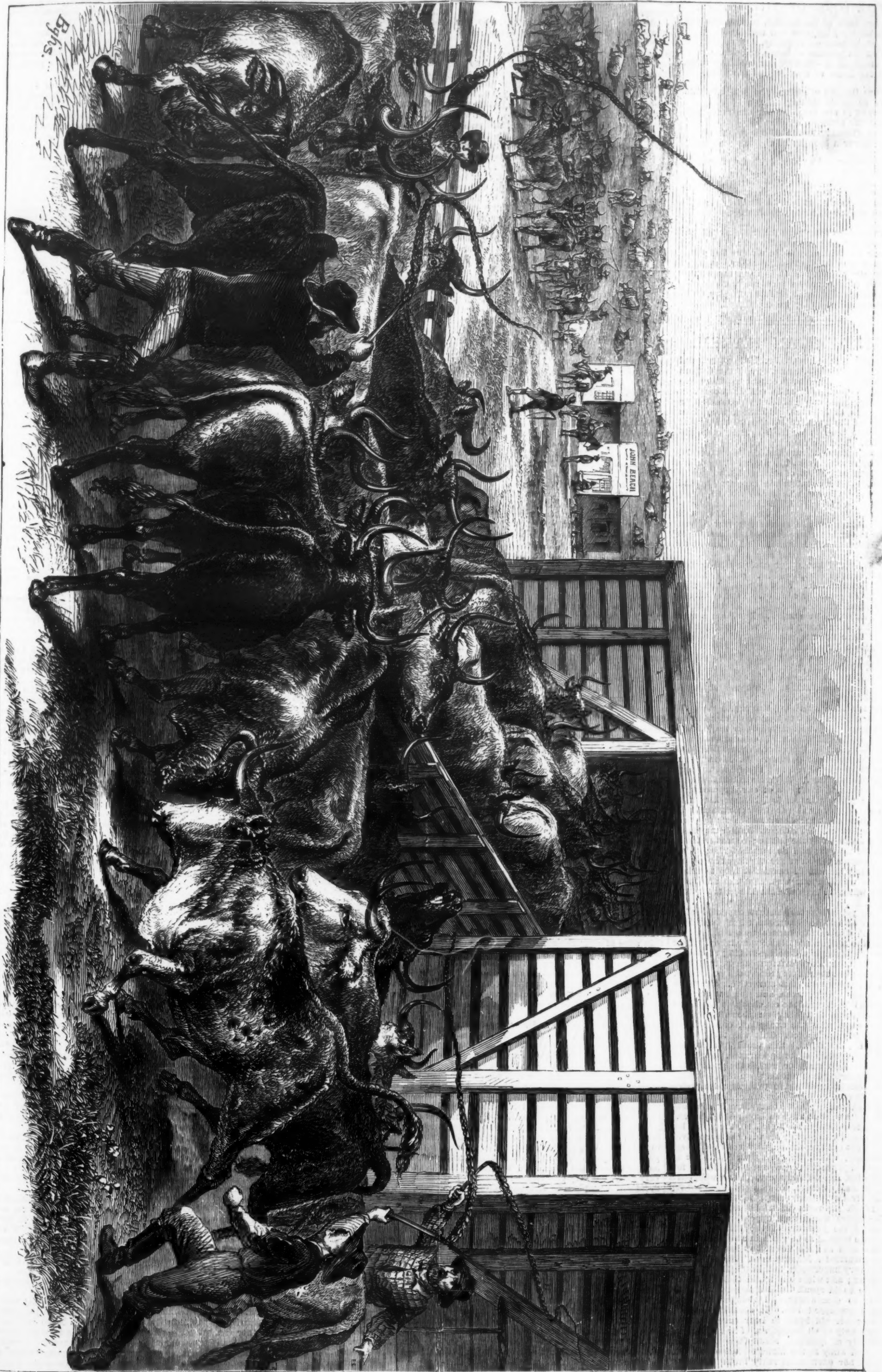
A CHICAGO paper thus compares the modern Indian to that of Cooper's novels: "The Indian of a bygone day used to stand on a bluff, with folded arms, and gaze sadly upon the iron horse as it snorted through his hunting-grounds. Now he swears at the baggageman because he doesn't check his carpet-bag in a hurry, shakes hands with the conductor, borrows a chair from the brakeman, and reclining upon two seats, masticates peanuts, and reads the *Police Gazette*, as the express bears him to the portal of the northwest wind, Keewaydin."

* From the French of the Chevalier Arthur Morelet. By Mrs. M. F. SQUIER. New York: Holt & Williams. London: Trübner & Co. 1871.

THE EXPLOSION ON THE STATE ISLAND FERRY-BOAT "WESTFIELD"—STATE OF THE RUINS AND LOCATION OF THE EXPLODED BOILER AFTER THE DISASTER.—VIEW TAKEN BY OUR OWN PHOTOGRAPHER.—SEE PAGE 381.



KANSAS.—TRANSPORT OF TEXAS BEEF ON THE KANSAS-PACIFIC RAILWAY—SCENE AT A CATTLESHOOT IN ABILENE, KANSAS.—SEE PAGE 35.



THE SONG OF THE WAVES.

We are born of the infinite, measureless sea,
Children of laughter and tears:
Our chant rolls on eternally,
With its burden of hopes and fears;
We laugh as of old with our countless smile,
And the heart of man is glad the while.

We are Ocean's offspring—the sea-god's will
We do at his bidding away;
We sport in the sun, and our crests are still,
And the children, as they play
By the gleaming marge of our mighty sire,
Have never a thought of the sea-god's ire.

But stranger and sadder sights know we,
And sadder sounds do we hear—
The note of the strong man's agony,
Our waters the dead man's bier;
When Ocean's heart is with wrath possessed
Speed we our father's stern behest.

And a sadder song than tongue may tell
Could we sing of mortal woes;
Of our wrathful revel—the water's hell;
What time the death-wind blows.
When the spirit of death is upon the sea,
Death's fit instruments then are we.
By tempest maddened or lulled in play,
The sea-god's bidding we do away.

AN AFRICAN HAREM.

I ONCE traveled with Dr. Livingstone, and with him visited Johanna, one of the Comora Islands, which lie between the northern extreme of Madagascar and the African coast.

It had been arranged that we should stay a few days at Johanna, and when the prince heard of the intended sojourn, he said, "Ah! you have been to see the king, now come and see me. Will you come?"

Prince Mahomet was the king's first cousin, and by several years his senior. The prince was lean and short of stature, his voice was harsh, and his countenance expressed a mind that was "vile and villainously mean."

"Prince, you are such a churlish set of people with respect to your women. If we visit your houses we see men only; now if you came to our houses we should introduce you to the ladies of our households," I ventured to remark.

"Ah, yes, I know your custom with women is different to ours," said he. "Every nation has its own custom. What is good for one may not be so good for another. Your custom is very good for you, perhaps. Our custom is good for us, that we know. But I am a man who has seen many things and many places, and I have not the prejudices which some of my people have; and if you will do me the honor of paying me a visit, you shall see my wives. Now will you come?"

"Under such circumstances, certainly," said Dr. Livingstone, and the visit was arranged for the next day but one.

At the time appointed the prince came off to the ship in order to take us on shore in his own boat. He was arrayed in a magnificent dress of bright blue silk, ornamented with gold lace, and he was evidently in a delightful state of self-consciousness. Dr. Livingstone, two other gentlemen and myself were ready to accompany him. When we gained the shore we found that the news of our purposed visit to the prince's harem had become known to many, and there was a considerable assemblage of slaves and the poorer half-castes to greet and follow us. This demonstration may have been arranged by the prince; he was certainly pleased with it; and he marched ahead of us as though a person of greater importance than the king himself. I could not help thinking, as we went on our way, that the sentiment with which he regarded the king was far from loyal.

The prince's establishment consisted of a group of buildings surrounded by a wall of stone. One of the houses was much larger than the rest, and to this we were taken. After passing through a desolate-looking ante-room we entered an apartment about forty feet square; but though its proportions were noble, its appearance was not attractive. The furniture was scanty, mean and much worn; the chintz that covered the couches was faded, and the glasses that hung on the whitewashed walls were, with one exception, cracked; the floor was uncarpeted. This was the prince's own apartment, and this probably accounted for the poverty of its appearance. Each wife has her own chamber, and as the greater part of her dowry is expended upon the decorating and furnishing of it, the prince's room probably afforded no fair indication of the character of his whole establishment. Here it was, however, we were to have audience of the ladies.

After inviting us to be seated, the prince left us, in order to apprise his wives of our arrival. He went out by a doorway covered by a damask hanging, which, we presumed, led to the ladies' apartments. He returned in a few minutes, and with him came, not a wife, but a little Malay woman, old and shriveled, but full of vivacity. Her sharp, shrill voice rang through the room when she announced that the ladies would soon appear. She was evidently the janitress of the harem, and the prince seemed to be much in awe of her. She was born at Cape Town, but had many years ago married a Johanna man. She spoke English very imperfectly, but Dutch like a Dutchlander; and when she found that Dr. Livingstone could speak that language, her pleasure was so demonstrative, I thought she would have embraced him. It seemed greatly to cheer her old heart to hear once more that most ugly of all languages. She asked a multiplicity of questions about Cape Town. She rattled away at the highest pitch of her voice until her excitement fairly broke her down; then she seemed to recollect herself, and, with a kind of chuckle, said, "Now I will send in

the ladies," and ran off with quite a youthful agility.

After she had retired, the prince, who was evidently excited and somewhat nervous, said: "My wives say I must tell you of a little custom. When they come in, they will each one of them come to each of you, and you will have to go through a little ceremony each of you with each of them. Oh, it is not much—it is not what you think," he continued, with a shrewd smile. "It is only this. Each of them will hold in her hand a little bit of bread, and each of you will break off a small piece from each, and eat it. That done, we are friends—always friends."

We expressed gratification and ready compliance. The ladies not appearing, he disappeared behind the curtain again, but quickly returned. The curtain was then withdrawn, and, standing in a row on either side of the passage, we saw a number of little slave-girls, some of whom were very gayly dressed. Then there came from a room at the end of the passage a stout lady, about twenty-five years of age, whose face was only saved from being commonplace by her large and really beautiful eyes. Her appearance as she entered the room was dazzling. The bodice of her dress was of cloth-of-gold; the short skirt was of Indian muslin, elaborately worked with gold and silver thread; her drawers were of the same material, and similarly ornamented. Her naked feet were slipped into richly adorned sandals, and on her head she wore a purple velvet fez-shaped cap that was refulgent with gold lace and jewels. Round her waist she had a jeweled zone, and round her neck "jewels of silver and jewels of gold" were multiplied in a barbarous profusion; she had rings on all her fingers; she wore bracelets, armlets, and anklets of gold; and her ears were strangely decorated, for not only were the lower lobes perforated, but the rim of each ear was pierced in several places, and, instead of one jeweled drop, each ear sustained four or five. The first effect produced on me by this profuse display of personal ornamentation was amazement, and then the absurdity of it appeared so great, that it was difficult to refrain from laughter. Yet we could not help being pleased with the woman who had taken so much pains with herself to please us; and when she came forward to shake hands, which she did rather awkwardly, we bowed our lowest and smiled our sweetest. To her succeeded a tall, finely built, very handsome woman, of about twenty years of age. Her figure was perfect; the grace of her carriage was faultless, and her large black eyes were so lustrous, they seemed to flash light. With the first lady the richness of costume was most prominent, but with this woman the beauty of her person far outshone the magnificence of her attire. She was dressed and ornamented, with some slight variation, like unto her sister-wife, to whom, indeed, she was really sister; for the prince informed us that they were the children not only of the same father, but by the same mother. She moved toward us like a queen, self-possessed and gracious; and though she had not the manner of a European lady, the mode of her hand-shaking was unimpeachable. A few moments elapsed before the third wife presented herself. Her appearance was insignificant, her features expressionless; her eyes lacked lustre; her form, though not angular, was spare, and destitute of all grace; her movements were awkward, and though dressed not less grandly than the others, her costume appeared far less resplendent. The prince appeared to feel that we were conscious of her defects, for, as she turned from us after the usual salutation, he exclaimed: "Oh, she is a very tame wife!" (These ladies, he said, did not understand English.) The curtain over the doorway fell; no other lady appeared. To our look of inquiry the prince replied: "That is all. I have but three wives—only three. If I had as many as my birth entitles me to, I should have twelve—as many as the king—but the French have my island, and so I am only a poor devil with but three wives!"

The introductions ended, the senior lady came forward and held out to us what looked like a thin slice of gingerbread, from which we each broke off a small portion and ate it. It was abominable to the taste; a vile compound of bad oil, Indian cornmeal, and sweets. The ladies then seated themselves on a couch opposite to that on which we sat; and we were instructing the prince to convey to them our thanks for the great honor they had done us in granting this interview, and an unbounded admiration of themselves, when, by all that is shocking, we discovered that they chewed betel-nut! For, right and left, with a volume, a precision, and a force that a Yankee might have envied, they began to relieve themselves of the consequences of this abominable habit. Up to this point all had seemed consistent with the place and the occasion; but this was a feature in the romance of the Harem that I had not looked for. However, we expressed our gratification, and our sentiments being made known to the ladies, they showered upon us smiles and pleasant glances. At this juncture the prince's mother entered the room. She was a very fat, very dirty, but very cheerful old woman. Her dress was a simple robe of brown cotton, without ornament of any kind. The prince rose as she entered and led her to a seat; his manner in doing this was most respectful and almost affectionate. He told us that she was a very religious woman, had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and was regarded as a saint.

She was certainly a good-natured old woman, and had she not every two or three minutes ejected a torrent of colored fluid from her mouth, she might have been agreeable.

Our conversation with this old lady was interrupted by the entrance into the room of three African slave-girls, who were very prettily attired in vestments of many colors. Two of them carried silver trays, the contents of which were hidden from our eyes by veils of white muslin; the third was laden with sherbet. At an indication from the chief wife, the sherbet-bearer approached and knelt before us,

and continued kneeling until we had emptied our glasses and replaced them on the tray. Then, one bearing a vailed tray went up to the ladies, and knelt before them. Upon the vail being removed, we saw four bouquets, composed of the blossom of a sweet-scented shrub that had been sewn on to a piece of calico cut into the shape of a heart. She who had the pre-eminence with the ladies took a bouquet, and looked and smiled at Dr. Livingstone, who went up to her and received it from her hands, and then gallantly fastened it on to the breast of his coat. We were each similarly favored. Then the third girl approached with her burden, and upon the vail being removed we found that it consisted of four mouthfuls of betel-nut, wrapped in the leaf with which it is masticated. Again, a pleasant smile and a sunny glance brought us to the ladies, and we each received our portion of the betel-nut. But what were we to do with it? We had disposed of the bouquets satisfactorily, but the betel-nut puzzled us. Was it intended for use or for show? The prince explained that as it was the custom of the English to offer wine to their guests, so was it the custom of his people to offer betel-nut; and when offered, as in the present instance, by a lady, it could not be refused or taken away untasted. After which explanation we, of course, expressed ourselves delighted to do what was expected of us; but before we had put the objectionable morsel into our mouths, the ladies volunteered to flavor it with a preparation of lime, which they kept by them in small silver boxes, and which gives to it an additional pungency. This the prince declared was not only a delicate attention, but a great honor also; inasmuch as in days gone by only those who had achieved the renown which the pilgrimage to Mecca gave were permitted to take their betel-nut flavored with lime. The thing itself was not offensive to the palate; it tasted something like nutmeg, and it caused an excitement of the glands which was far from being unpleasant, but it made expectoration a necessity. Despite the example of the ladies, I strove against doing as they did, but in vain—I was compelled to relieve my mouth or choke. My companions were in the same predicament, and the position became so ludicrous that laughter long and loud was the result. The ladies ascertaining the cause of our mirth, laughed also, and we quickly became a very merry party. They told us that the use of betel-nut ought to be general; that it cheered the spirits, allayed pain; that without it fasting was impossible, as it assuaged hunger; that it quieted the restless and soothed the temper; that it gave rest to the weary and sleep to the sleepless; that, in fact, it made all who used it happy, and should be used, therefore, by everybody. The repulsive consequences of its use were as nothing; and we were advised to take a quantity of betel-nuts to England, in order that the English might experience the benefits of its rare qualities. Then the young ladies sought information upon the social and domestic life of English women, and were much amused by our replies; and one of them remarked that it must be very dull to be the only wife of any man—they preferred their own arrangements.

As conversation progressed, I said to the prince, "You complained just now that you had but three wives; to me, three would be a burden I could not bear. How do you manage to keep them in order?"

"Oh," said he, "quite easy—nothing easier. Look at me. I have this coat on to-day. I like this coat to-day, to-morrow, perhaps, next day also. But when I have worn it so long, I cease to like it—I wish for another; and I fold it up, put it away, and put on another coat. Well, it is all the same with a wife!" And he chuckled at the aptness of his illustration.

"But wives are not coats, and cannot be treated so unceremoniously," I observed.

"Not English wives, truly; for English women are very different from Arab women. English women think of themselves, always think of themselves, think very much of themselves—think very little of their husbands; so they are disobedient, self-willed, do what they like, and will not do what their husbands like. But Arab women think more of their husbands than themselves; they live to please their husbands; they are obedient; they are much better than English women, and a man may do with them just as he pleases. Suppose she should disobey him, what does he do? He says to her, 'By Allah! I will leave you!' And if she disobey him three times, and he says that three times, she is no longer his wife, she must go back to her father's house. But suppose an Englishman marry a woman, and she prove to have a very bad temper, and disobey him always; a very hot tongue, and scold all day and all night, too—lead him a devil of a life; make him sweat very much with trouble, make him wish to kill himself—what can he do? He can do nothing; he must keep her, and must not take any other woman to wife to comfort him. Ah! the Arab custom is better than the English custom; and the Arab women are better for the men than the English women. I am sure of that!"

I told him that though people in England did sometimes make unhappy marriages, yet, as a rule, it was not so, inasmuch as every opportunity was given before marriage of becoming acquainted with the character and feeling of those we married, and that very few really wished to annul the marriage contract. Upon which he replied, warmly: "That is not true! I read your newspapers. I know all about Sir Cresswell, and I know that many husbands and wives in England tire of one another, and try to get unmarried. Ah, English custom is a bad custom, say what you will. I tell you," continued he, "that our women are different to your women—much better; not so willful. And look at Arab women before and after marriage, and see if our custom is not better for her and her husband also. Before marriage, the Arab woman sees no man but her father, her brothers, and such male relatives that, by our law, she cannot marry; after she is married, she sees her relatives and her husband—no other

man. She must love her husband, for she sees only him. She is not like an English woman who goes from home every day, goes where she likes, and sees what men she likes. She must go wrong—must get tired of her one husband. Any woman would; but Arab woman stop at home always, say her prayers, and love her husband."

I assured him that his estimate of English women was erroneous—that Christianity had elevated them far above the mental and moral position occupied by Mohammedan women; that they were trusted and respected because they were trustworthy and respected themselves; that a higher law than he seemed able to comprehend was the guide of their life; that they were virtuous upon principle, not upon compulsion, as were the Arab women, who were shut out from the company of all men but that of their husband and near relatives, and were watched day and night. Upon which he waxed angry, and exclaimed: "I do not believe you; I believe what I see. We know that the Christian man is not a good man; your newspapers tell me that the Christian woman is not a good woman. You say that only a few are not good. If a few are bad, why not many? If many do wrong, why not all? All have the same opportunities, and the few are as much Christian as the many. They may be good, they may be bad; you don't know, for they go where they please, do what they please, see whom they please. You think them good; I think them bad—which is right? You cannot say, you cannot know, until what you call the day of judgment. But that is too long a time for me to wait before I know what my wife is; I like to be quite sure now." And again he chuckled over his own jest.

He was an utter disbeliever in any life higher than he could realize from his own observations and personal experience, and I pursued the vexed question of English and Arab customs and their effects upon women no further; but before we took our departure I asked him if his wives could read.

"Read!" said he, in unfeigned astonishment, "No! we never teach our women to read; they know too much already."

Our visit must have been a strange episode in the lives of these three ladies, the prince's wives. I do not think they were consciously unhappy; they had not sufficient knowledge of a higher state of life to be other than contented with their lot. They knew of no other than "the custom of their people," and they evidently accepted it as though no other custom could be.

As we left, we were exhorted by the mother of the prince to inform her admirer on our return to England that she had not forgotten him, and should forget him never. And yet she had seen him but once; and that was many years before; he had been introduced to her as we had been introduced to her son's wives, and she had cherished him in her memory ever since.

The prince accompanied us back to the ship; and during the time of our sojourn at Muzumudu, I saw him repeatedly. On one occasion he brought an Arabic translation of the English Bible, and asked me to point out the passage in which the mother of Moses was mentioned by name. This led to a conversation upon the Christian and Mohammedan religions. The prince was a shrewd assailant of Christianity, attacking it through the sins and follies of its professors with no mean intelligence.

He admitted, however, that the power of all Mohammedan nations was fast waning, but, said he, "Mohammed is coming again, and then all you Christians will become Mohammedans. He may come soon; in a few years; five, ten; at the utmost twenty-five. If he do not come at the end of twenty-five years, I promise you I will become a Christian."

A JOURNEY UNDER GROUND.

"WHAT is your profession, may I ask?"

The interrogatory was addressed to a talkative little fellow, of dapper build and somewhat seedy habiliments, who chanced to sit beside me in the smoking-car of an American railway-train at the time when slavery was an American "institution."

We had been some time in conversation, and I had secured his confidence by proving myself a patient listener. I saw that he was a queer genius, and hence my somewhat intrusive question.

"Well, stranger," replied he, without showing in the least offended, "in my time I've been a'most everything, I reckon—that is, in the professional way; I'm now in the regular theatrical."

Here he drew himself proudly up, and put a fresh button in the black frock-coat that covered his slight and somewhat dingy disk of linen.

"Yes, sir, in the theatrical; and I'm on my way to fulfill a starring engagement in one of the Western theatres—first low-comedy is my partikler line."

I could have guessed this to be his rôle, and nodded as much.

"Before taking to the stage," he continued, "I tried doctorin'; found that wouldn't do, and took to plain pullin' of teeth—failed in this, and then had a shy at photography. Worse still! and, gettin' tired of the camera, I strayed into nigger-singin'."

"Nigger-singin'! That paid better, I presume?"

"No, sir; worse—still worse—at least, it was so in my case."

"Perhaps your talent doesn't lie that way?" "Doesn't it! There, stranger, is just where you're mistaken. I've got both banjo and bones at the ends of my fingers; and if you could just hear me sing a nigger melody, I reckon you'd say you never heard one sung before. As to the 'making-up,' I can dress or paint nigger with any man in the line. Ha, ha, ha! That puts me in mind of a circumstance that'll sort

o' explain why I quit the darky business. It's a little bit funny; maybe you'd like to hear about it?"

"Above anything in the world."

"Well, you see, stranger, I was nigger-singin' in the wrong place. I'd strayed down to Tusculumbia, in the State of Alabama. There was myself and Joe Cullum, that did the bones and breakdowns, and two other fellows, that wasn't much account one way or the other. We tried concerts, but they wouldn't pay. Truth is, there was a set of minstrels there, who were real Sambos themselves—and people said they preferred the genuine article. They even insulted us by sayin' the niggers could beat us. All bosh! I could have given any of them darkies ten, and licked them into shucks at representin' hisself."

"It was no use, however. The Tusculumbians wouldn't see it, so we rattled the bones and twanged the banjo to empty benches."

"We had reached Tusculumbia with just five dollars among the four of us, and after stayin' there four weeks, we were in for a tavern bill of about twenty dollars a-piece!"

"How to get out of the place had come to be a question, and a serious one at that. Of course we hadn't a friend—what nigger-singer ever has, when he's in a tight place?"

"I for one wanted bad to get away—for Christmas-week was comin' on, and I'd determined to be at Pittsburgh for my Christmas dinner. I'm a native of the Iron City; and besides, I had been promised an engagement at the Pittsburgh Theatre."

It was before the days of rail, and "staging" through from Tusculumbia, to say nothin' of the bill owin' at the hotel, was simply out of the question. So, stranger, I think you'll acknowledge I was in a fix?"

"Indeed a very awkward one. And how did you get out of it?"

"That's just what I'm goin' to tell you—I guess you'll grin when you hear it. I've made a good many most split their sides laughin' at that same."

"No doubt I'll do the same."

"Well, I'm tolerably clever at gettin' out of fixes, anyhow, and it wasn't the first by a long chalk I'd come clear off. As you say, this Tusculumbia scrape was an awkward one; but I was bound not to let it beat me, and determined upon eatin' my Christmas dinner with my Pittsburgh friends—so I took to hard thinkin' how I shud get away from Alabama—the meanest State I ever set foot in."

"Well, mister, an idea turned up that promised me a free passage. 'Twas this: While nigger-singin' through the South, I'd got to know somethin' of nigger ways, and, now and then, had come across some of the wiser kind of darkies, and got into their confidence. They looked upon me as a man and a brother."

Here the ex-melodist interpolated his narrative by a chuckle at his own *jeu d'esprit*.

"Well," he continued, "from them I'd learnt a deal about the underground railway; I suppose you understand what that is?"

"Not very clearly, though I've heard something concerning it."

"I'll tell you, then, all about it. The underground railway was run by a set of men who were friendly to the nigger; most of them were Quakers and Abolitioners, who were settled in the South, and some were wealthy planters, too. They formed a sort of 'federation' for the purpose of encouraging any nigger that wanted to run away, and when he had run away, they helped him along till he got clear out of the Slave States, when, of course, he was free. They managed the thing by keepin' him hid all day, and at night stowin' him away in a wagon, or some other sort of trap, among their goods, and so passin' him along from one to the other, till he was safe across the Ohio River, and therefore on free soil. But at the time I'm speakin' of, the underground rail had to extend itself a leedle further than the banks of the Ohio. You've heard of the Fugitive Slave Law—which I reckon, stranger, wa'n't a very creditable bit o' legislation on the part of Uncle Sam."

I began to like the "nigger-singer," but said nothing.

"Well, continued he, without heeding my reticence, "whatever may be your opinion of it, I've got good reason for goin' against it. It cost me a journey I don't ever want to make again; and by it I was not only choused out of my Christmas dinner in Pittsburgh, but my engagement at the Pittsburgh Theatre as well."

"How was that?"

"You see there were several lines of the underground railway, all running through different sections of the Slave States, and endin' at the Ohio River. But after the Fugitive Slave Bill had been passed, the runaways wa'n't safe, unless carried on into Canada, where they'd be sure of British protection."

"Quite true," I said, my respect for the low-comedian growing stronger as he proceeded; "please continue your story."

"Well, stranger, I'd learnt through an old darky at Tusculumbia, of an underground line running from that place, and also who was the nearest depôt-manager on the route—a kindly old Quaker, who had a plantation about ten miles northwest from the town."

"I made up my mind to play runaway nigger, and go North under ground."

"I couldn't tell where they would carry me, but supposed I should come out all right somewhere on the Ohio River, and could there get a boat up to Pittsburgh."

"I took Joe Cullum into my confidence, and proposed to him to run away along with me, for I'd heard it was not uncommon for two darkies to go together."

"But Joe wasn't up to the idea. Although he wanted bad to get North—most as much as myself, he got scared about riskin' it, and staid in Tusculumbia. As for the other two fellows, they were both good-for-nothing cusses, and I didn't say a word to them about what I intended doin'. I was afeared they might fetch

me into a worse scrape than that I was tryin' to get clear of, and I preferred travelin' alone."

"And the way I made preparations for my journey! that, stranger, would have tickled you! Talk of makin' up for a concert—that wa'n't nothin' to it! I cut my hair close, as if it had been shaved—I was afeared the ends of it hangin' down under the wool-wig might betray me. I corked myself with care, going far below the nape of the neck, and then, with a bit of hog's lard, gave the skin a polish that would have outshined that of any darky in Tusculumbia."

"A small bundle was sufficient for all my effects—and, to tell the truth, it contained most of 'em. Whatever was left behind might go against my bill—though I guess the Tusculumbian tavern-keeper wa'n't too well satisfied w' the reckonin'."

"On stealin' away from the hotel in the dark of the evenin', with my bundle stuck on a staff over my shoulder, I reckon I must have looked like one of them pictures you used to see in the New Orleans newspapers, headed, 'Runaway Negro.'"

"I put straight for the plantation, which I'd been told to be the depôt of the Underground."

"There was no mistake about the information. The old Quaker was at home, and at once took me in charge. He 'theed' and 'thoud' a little, but asked no troublesome questions. He had no suspicion of my bein' a white man, for there wasn't much light for him to examine me. If there had, it would have been all the same; for my make-up would have stood sharper scrutiny than his. As for the answers given him, as I've told you, I could talk nigger with any darky in Alabama."

"He did not lose any time in parleying, but, hurrying me into an out-house, brought me a darned good supper—better than any I'd eaten in the Tusculumbia tavern; and then, bundlin' me into the bottom of a Dearborn wagon, and throwin' some traps over to conceal me, he handed the reins to his son, who at once whipped away from the plantation."

"I was told to keep quiet, and not, under any circumstances, rise from my squatted position."

"I did as directed, and soon after fell asleep. When I woke it was just breaking day, but I had no time to look at the sky, or even the things that were about me. The Dearborn had stopped at what appeared to me to be a small farmhouse; and a big man in a blanket-coat, telling me to jump out, led me to a barn. I was told to step into it, and keep quiet till called."

"I did so; and shortly after breakfast was brought me by the man in the blanket-coat; who again repeated the order to keep quiet, but went away without sayin' another word."

"I got my dinner, and after it another caution to 'keep dark.'"

"I could not have done otherwise, for the barn was a stone building, and when the door was shut there wasn't a ray of light around me. My supper was brought in just after sunset, and then the man in the blanket-coat bundled me into a wagon, and, almost smothering me under a load of corn-fodder which he was taking to some market, carried me away from his house."

"Stranger, it would tire you to tell how often I was hidden in barns and other out-houses, and how many lifts I had in Dearborns and big wagons, driven by different drivers—all of them as untalkative as if I had been only a bale of some sort of goods they were smugglin' to the North."

"Sometimes I was kept concealed for three days at a time before I could be safely forwarded to the next station of the 'Underground.'"

"I needn't tell you that the thing became terribly tiresome; and I began to think I'd better have walked all the way from Tusculumbia to Pittsburgh."

"Once or twice I did think of giving the slip to my kind conductors; but again I changed my mind, and again resolved to continue on to the Ohio, which I knew couldn't be far ahead. On getting there, I took it for granted I could easily throw off my disguise."

"I at length reached it; but, instead of being carried across in a public ferryboat, as I supposed would have been the case, I was pulled out of the wagon, hurried into a skiff, and rowed across under cover of the night."

"Now, thought I, I am free. I've only got to steer off from my Abolitionist friends, and make my way up the river to Pittsburgh."

"But I soon found I had made a mistake in my reckonin'. When I proposed, in true darky tongue, to give my conductors no further trouble, they at once said, 'No! There was no safety for me this side the lakes—I must be taken on into Canada.'"

"I protested, and asked why. I was told that they dare not let me stop in the State of Ohio; I should be certain of being pursued, and taken back to Alabama. There were spies and informers all through the State of Ohio, in the pay of the Southern planters; and not only would I be discovered, but they who had so kindly assisted me to escape would get into trouble by it. It might break up the 'Underground line.'"

"The men who talked this way, and who were now in charge of me, were a very different-lookin' set from those who had hitherto been passin' me from hand to hand. They were rough, stalwart fellows, dressed in homespun jean suits, with horse-pistols stuck in their belts. They talked and acted as if it would be a leedle dangerous to deny them."

"It was only afterward that I learned why they were so anxious for my safe carriage to Canada. It was not from any philanthropy on their part, but because of the reward which philanthropists sometimes give—to such as may do 'em a service."

"These men were employed by the Northern Abolitioners, and paid so much per head for

every runaway slave they could get clear into Canada."

"Though it was in the darkness of the night, I could tell—while palaverin' with them—that they weren't going to be trifled with, and that to declare my real character would insure me rough treatment—perhaps lynching on the spot. Willin' or not, I saw I should be compelled to continue the underground journey; and continue it I did."

"I was in hopes of bein' able to give them the slip, before travelin' far through the free State of Ohio; and especially as they shoved me into the railway train just starting for Sandusky."

"But one of them got in along with me, keepin' as close as if he'd been a sheriff's officer taking me to the county jail."

"I could do nothin' until we had reached Sandusky. Once there, however, my dander got up; for I'd come to be angry at bein' kept so long a prisoner. So at length I threw off the mask, and proclaimed the true color of my skin. It was in the tavern where we were stoppin' to wait for a Detroit boat."

"Never was man more astonished than my travelin' companion and care-taker, when he saw the wool wig lifted off my head, and the cork streamin' down my cheeks under a strong application o' soap and water."

"And not more astonished than angry—since the deception had caused him a journey, as expensive as it was without profit to him. My transformation had deprived him of his bounty."

"He'd have given me a good thrashin' if it hadn't been for some of the Sanduskians interferin' to blinder him; and, after cursin' me considerable, he went his way."

"He wasn't long gone, when I began to think I'd been a fool for not keepin' up the sham and lettin' him take me on to Canada. Had I done so I should have received sufficient money from him to carry me back to Pittsburgh—for the Underground Co. used always give something to a runaway nigger to start him in his new life."

"As it was, I was still as far from home as in Tusculumbia, and worse off; for I was set down in the cold streets of Sandusky, in the middle o' Winter, with only a thin jeans coat on my back, a pair of white pantaloons on my legs, and not a cent in the pockets of either!"

"Fortunate, there were some fellows got round me, who were so tickled at the trick I'd play'd the Abolitioners, that they raised a subscription to send me across country to Pittsburgh."

"I got there at last, but too late for my Christmas dinner, as well as for the engagement at the theatre; which of course I had forfeited."

My fellow-traveler in the smoking-car predicted truly. His tale caused me to laugh, almost to the splitting of my sides.

"Stay!" he exclaimed, after lighting a cigar I had offered him. "You've not heard the whole of it. There's another chapter to come."

"Indeed; I'm glad of that. What is the other chapter?"

"It's only a sequel, as we say in the play-bills; and isn't exactly about myself."

"Who, then?"

"Joe Cullum. Joe, as I've told you, was as tired of Tusculumbia as I was. After I'd gone, and thinkin' I'd made a good thing of it, he determined to try the same game. So followin' my example, he painted nigger, and put himself under the care of the Underground conductors."

"But the story of the deception I'd played 'em had come back—by grape-vine telegraph, I reckon, along the line—makin' them more partikler as to the sort of passengers they carried. So when Joe had got about half-way to the Ohio, they sponged the cork from off o' his phiz, and then further purified him by a duckin' in a Kentucky horse-pond, that well-nigh ended in his bein' drowned. Ha! ha! ha!"

The railway trip I was taking was full fifty miles in length. In listening to my fellow-smoker's story of his "Journey Underground" it appeared not more than five."

ONE house in Pompeii had evidently been in a state of repair when the volcano-storm buried it. Painters and decorators and cleaners were masters of the situation. The household goods were all in disorder, and the family, if not out of town, must have been undergoing that condition of misery which Spring cleanings and other like infections inevitably entail. Painters' pots and brushes and workmen's tools were scattered about. Tell-tale spots of white-wash starred wall and floor. Such domestic implements as pots and kettles had been bundled up in a corner all by themselves, and the cook was nowhere. Dinner, however, had not been forgotten. A solitary pot stood simmering (if ever it did simmer) on the stove. And (start not, for it is true) there was a bronze dish in waiting before the oven, and on the dish a sucking-pig, all ready to be baked! But the oven was already engaged with its full complement of bread; so the sucking-pig had to wait. And it never entered the oven, and the loaves were never taken out till after a sojourn of 1,700 years! They had been cooking ever since November 23d, A.D. 79! M. Fiorelli has them now in his museum at Pompeii, twenty-one of them, rather hard, of course, and black, but perfectly preserved."

ADVERTISING, according to Mr. Barnum, whom we may reckon a good authority on the subject, is the secret of success in business. And it is curious to notice what an art advertising—or, what advertising often means, "puffing"—has become. The origin of this word "puffing" is curious. In France, at one time, the coiffure most in vogue was called a *pouf*. It consisted of the hair raised as high as possible over horsehair cushions, and then ornamented with objects indicative of the tastes and history of

the wearer. The Duchess of Orléans, for example, on her first appearance at Court, after the birth of her son and heir, had on her *pouf* a representation, in gold and enamel, most beautifully executed, of a nursery. There was the cradle, and the baby, the nurse, and a whole host of playthings. Madame de Egmont, the Duke de Richelieu's daughter, after her father had taken Port Mahon, wore on her *pouf* a little diamond fortress, with sentinels keeping guard. Such is the origin of the word *puff*.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

We are much gratified to learn that Mr. William Creswick is to be the *Cardinal Wolsey* to Miss Cushman's *Queen Katharine*, at Booth's. The engagement of these two admirable players is the right policy for this standard and noble theatre.

MR. ALBERTO LAURENCE had an opportunity of giving his magnificent baritone voice and true Italian style a seaside airing at Long Branch on Saturday last. Occasion, a Benefit Concert to Cornet Levy, Ninth Militia, and *First Musical Regiment*.

AMONG the numerous admirers of and gainers by Mr. Balfie's music in America, there must be some who would like to be represented in the Statue Fund. Mr. Bonicault, of Regent Street, London, and the principal music-store in New York, receive subscriptions.

THOMAS and Jullien have at last actually rejoined in fine weather for their open-air concerts, and the songs of gratulation, the strains of joy resound in both gardens, both stocked with visitors, and blooming with the luxuriant greenback! Jullien and Thomas are accordingly both Grateful Gardeners!

MR. BANDMANN and his wife, formerly Miss Milly Palmer, appear at the Grand Opera House on the 6th of September, in "Narcisse," a great success of Mr. Bandmann's everywhere. Messrs. Mark Smith, Harry Eyttinge, and Edwin Thorne are of the company, and we hear of a new play for Mr. Bandmann, from the pen of Tom Taylor.

MR. HARRY SANDERSON has recently composed a galop, entitled "The Silver Slipper Galop," which he has dedicated to E. A. Brooks, 676 Broadway, famed for not only slippers, but everything in his line as a fashionable bootmaker. The Galop has been arranged for the orchestra, and is now a popular one at the watering-places. William A. Pond & Co. are the publishers.

DALY, "one says," opens on the 25th, with his—or some one else's—version of "Edwin Drood." We have not much faith in this for a dramatic success. The story is too gloomy, and the fumes of opium and the shadows of madness and murder overhang it throughout. The high-spiced "Terrible Temptation" would have suited this Frou Frou and Fernande theatre better.

THE depressing report that Lotta opens at Booth's, is fully confirmed by the announcements of the theatre. The pestilence-fly, the harbinger of cholera, has also appeared in New York. We trust that Miss Crabtree, whose sphere is—well, anywhere rather than Booth's, may not be the precursor of the plague of clogs, banjos, winks, kicks, and female cigars, raging in some parts of the theatrical hemisphere, and now possible, if not probable, at this once classic theatre.

Of the Olympic Theatre it may be said—and the saying is refreshingly novel—*Facilis descensus Avernus*! the descent from "Schneider" to pantomime being so easy and gradual as to be scarcely perceptible. The lowest rung of the art-ladder will soon be reached, and then—chaos will come again, we suppose. We had heard, and strongly hoped, that at this theatre legitimate comedy and drama were to hold sway. Our apple of hope was a Dead-Sea fruit.

It is the pleasant custom in lyrical theatres abroad to inscribe on tablets along the principal tier of boxes the names of the most celebrated composers in ancient or modern times. From Paris to Brussels, from Florence to Barcelona, will be found, in a hundred opera-houses, such simple and significant commemoration of Michael William Balfie. And now London makes the gracefully appropriate suggestion that the Balfie statue should be placed in the atrium of the national theatre for which, in far-off days, Balfie did so much, that his counterfeit presentment should find a home in the entrance-hall of Drury Lane.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

GREELEY is the most inveterate West-pointer, although a man of peace.

THE servants in the bathing establishments of Long Branch are spoken of as housemaids.

WHEN a pickpocket pulls at your watch, tell him plainly that you have no time to spare.

A PERFUMER's business ought to be very lucrative. Of all businesses it brings in the best percentage.

CAPTAIN ERICSSON states that the heat of the Sun is 4,060,000 degrees Fahrenheit. He ascertained it casually while measuring the height of Mercury.

A. OAKLEY HALL is dead, they say—

By his own act incurred;
His fellow-cits, election-day,
Must see him well-interred.

CAVALRY CRITICISM.—Adjutant (to riding-master)—"Ah, there's Mr. Quickstep!" (Who had just exchanged into the regiment from the infantry.) "How does he get on?" Riding-Master—"Well, sir, I think he's the hottest gentleman afoot—and the fustiest gentleman on a horse that ever I've met with since I've been in the regiment!"

FILIAL APPRECIATION.—Little Daughter—"And who is it a statue of, 'Ma'?" Mamma—"General Washington, dear." Little Daughter—"And what did they make a statue of him for, and put him up there?" Mamma—"Oh, because he was a very great man, dear, and a very good man, you know." Little Daughter—"Oh! Then where will they put up a statue to dear papa?"

TWO WELL-DRESSED and fine-looking ladies instantly dislocated their necks while passing each other, in trying to discover what each had on. It was cloudy; the speed at which they were moving, and the delicate shade of the dry-goods worn by each, operated against them, and a sudden tack with all sail set against a stiff breeze fetched them up too short, and they perished.

A WONDER OF THE SEA-SHORE—Is to be sunburnt to be healthy, I wonder? People say of a sunburnt person, "He looks the picture of health." Logically the picture of a thing is not the thing itself. The boy who is the very picture of his mother is, clearly, not his mother. Ergo, a person who appears to be the picture of health, is not health itself, but, at best, very like health.

WET morning—bad German street-band in full blaze before the house of literary man, writing an article, and suffering from tooth-ache—loud ring at the bell—servant called off from a pressing domestic duty, making the beds or minding the baby, or something of the sort—proceeds the whole length of the front garden, to find at the gate one of the instrumentalists, who invites payment for the *entrance*, inflicted by himself and his fellow-friends!

THE EBONY BRIDAL.

BY
ELLA B. WASHINGTON.

PREPARING the wedding garment!

Who shall describe its infinite importance in the eyes of the assembled group in that simple, comfortable room, a fire of substantial logs burning on the hearth in the broad, deep chimney! those scenes come before us like the faces of familiar friends, so many such have we looked upon in "the days that are no more!"

Observe the enterprising matron at the table, with muscular arms bared above the elbows, flat-iron resolutely grasped in one hand, the other keeping the interesting garment in place! She evidently "means business," and feels the importance of her work, so seriously sentimental and solemnly sublime, and is, we opine, resolved to achieve a triumph in the ironing art, and reduce the article under hand to an immaculate and supreme degree of smoothness never before accomplished on any similar garment or occasion.

How energetically she manipulates that flat-iron, it seems stolidly or solidly unconscious that it, of all other irons, has been selected to do such distinguished duty! Its associate stands on the corner of the table, condemned, probably, for culpable coldness, and consequently neglected.

How carefully has every plait been folded, and every wrinkle smoothed, until it seems a work of supererogation to press another stroke upon the garment already reduced to a state of unexceptionable unwrinkled smoothness. Judging from the piquant and very decided expression of Madame Mère's uplifted countenance, with the resolute and oracular turn of her head, we may surmise she is bestowing some matronly advice, or laying down the law to her interesting young daughter, whose maiden meditations, no longer fancy free, have resolved themselves into a sentimental reverie. Possibly she is resisting some suggestion on the



THE EBONY BRIDAL.—PREPARING THE WEDDING GARMENT.

damsel's part, who stands by her mother's side looking on, with hands meekly folded, one on the other under her apron, an image of patient resignation.

The bride-elect, as we suppose her to be, has already removed the handkerchief that covers heads both young and old, taken out her hair (only done on state occasions, as it is a work of time and importance). And here it is requisite to mention that a fashion prevails among the negroes of cultivating length of hair—a difficult achievement—by plaiting multitudinous little locks very tight all over their heads, and tying them with a string, each particular lock standing up for itself—we should call it a *coiffure rampant*; after which extraordinary arrangement of the tresses, their heads present the appearance of an enraged porcupine. It is

generally hidden by the turban handkerchief during the week, but on Sunday carefully taken out, and combed into a frizzette elaborate enough to satisfy the ambition of any Broadway belle.

In connection with this, we must notice another singular custom common among them. They are frequently seen with a lock of hair on the crown of their heads, tied closely up to a small stick about an inch long, the scalp being so tightly drawn, eyes and mouth stand ajar, fixed in a grotesque gape, while winking would be an impossibility.

Noticing a boy undergoing this operation, one day, I said: "What is your hair tied up so tight for, Joe?"

The boy gave a ghastly attempt at a grin, when the boy's mother, standing near, came to the rescue, and replied: "Him palate down,

held to be especially skillful in the profound art of "pulling up palates."

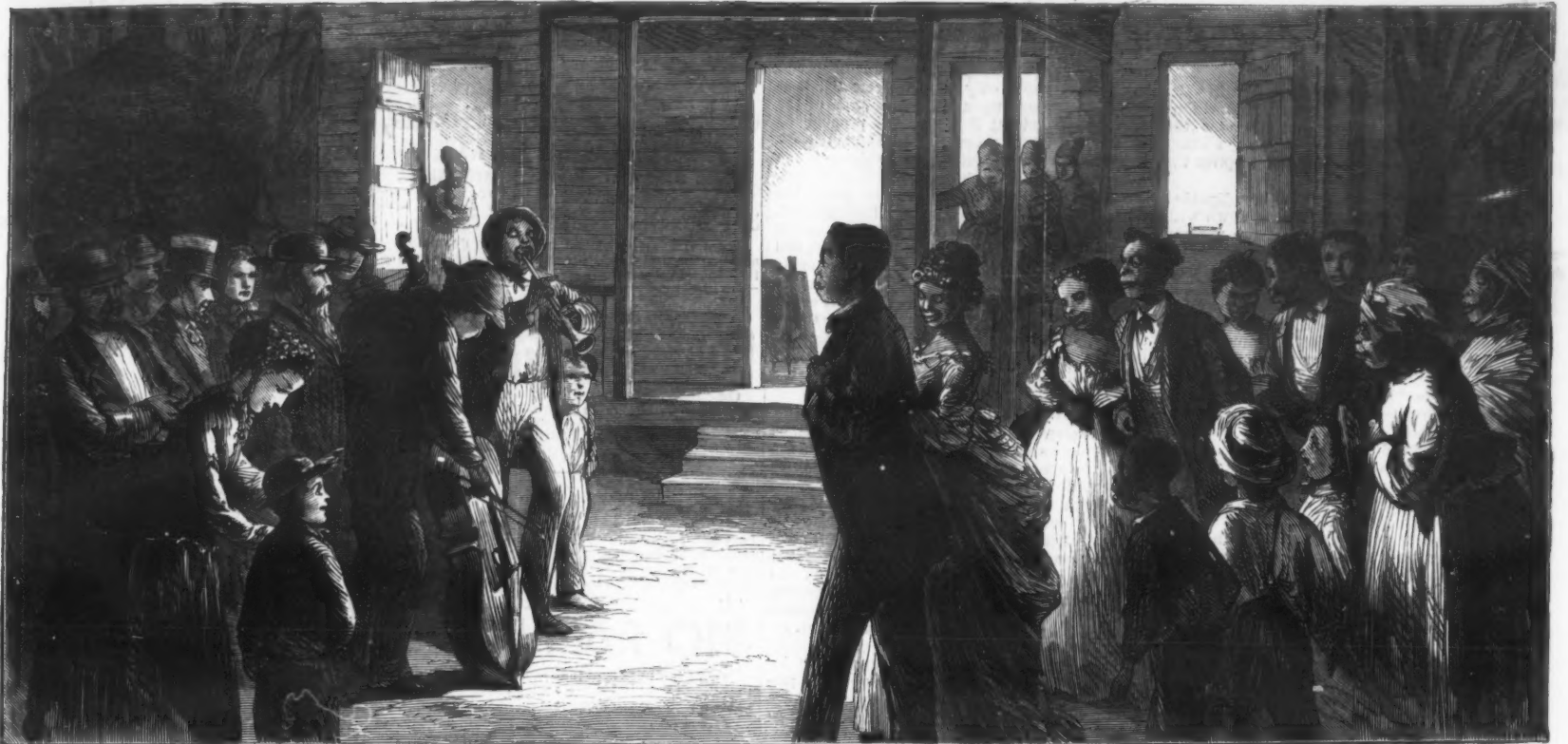
From the palette to the picture again is an easy transition. Observe in the corner, near the table, two figures—one a girl of precociously developed curiosity, bent upon acquiring knowledge, and determined to explore every accessible avenue of information. She is the "entisteningest, knowingest little darky," evidently improving the present opportunity. We should surmise that, "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, that heathen Chinee was peculiar." Leaning forward, with one hand supporting her chin, mouth open, eyes staring, ears pricked up, in a fixed attitude of eager interest, she listens with all her might to the interesting observations Madame Mère is making to the serious and sentimental young

Miss Nellie, 'cause he dun coteh a bad cold, and I bin tie he hair up, for fetch up he palate."

There was one smart middle-aged man—the plantation quack—who contrived skillfully to combine the somewhat incongruous professions of preacher, doctor, surgeon, sage, oracle, with a considerable tincture of the knave; and to him were referred cases of moral, social, or physical trouble, for all of which he contrived to manufacture some infallible remedy, the faith of his followers being so implicit in his skill, they believed themselves benefited always. He was absurdly self-important and pompous, tossed his head disdainfully at "common darkies," and made ineffectual efforts to turn up his flat nose, which said organ disastrously defeated. I said to him one day: "Uncle Abram, are you a doctor or a preacher?" Looking down at his youthful interrogator with the superior air of an elephant contemplating a mouse, he replied: "Twould be onpossible for you to comperhend how my cobbersonaty perscribes to smaggratate. I don't 'ticularly confine my interlects to no perfessions, but I'se what de white folks calls a chieftin." This man was



THE EBONY BRIDAL.—WEDDING CEREMONY IN THE CABIN.



THE EBONY BRIDAL.—MARCHING TO THE FEAST.

lady. I have heard remarks to this effect: "Don't you s'pose I knows what I'se talkin' about, chile? You needn't try to tell me nufin. Ain't I bin lon'g long 'fore you was born? Dis d'arky's hard to beat wid a flat-ion, she is; ole Missis allays sed so. Go long, set down, chile; you bin studdyin' 'bout Billy tel you ain't got no sense; but you'll cum too 'fore long."

Dis lub ain't nuffin but nonsense, arter all; it jes' makes fools ob you yung folks, tili you larns sum sense an' gits ober it. Dat's what I tells my old man, an' he an' I gits on jes' as comferable as any ob 'em does."

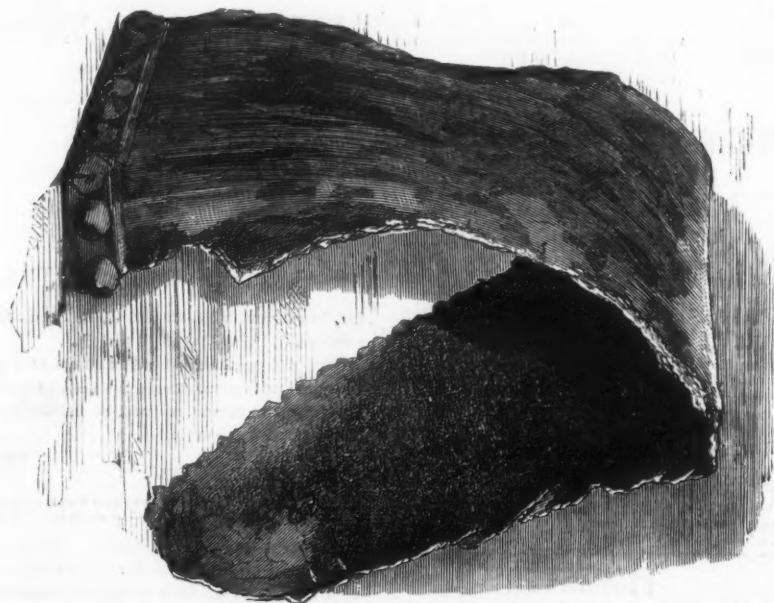
The girl listening has evidently been making premature efforts at adornment in dress, the womanly weakness already developed, as we

see her feet incased in galter boots, the back of her head ornamented with a skeleton chignon.

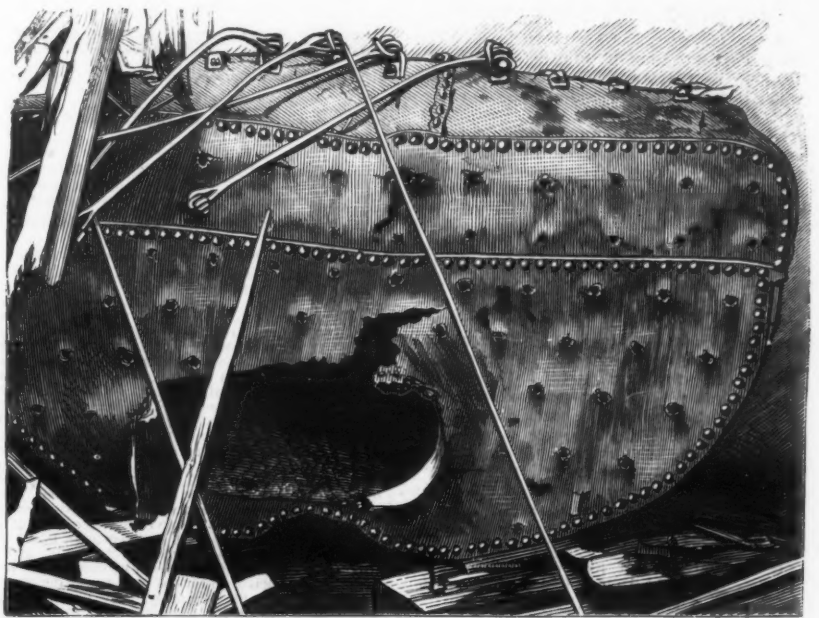
The boy is enjoying himself hugely, relying on the tender mercy of the chair for support, hands and feet relaxed in the intensity of repose, with fantastically fringed breeches reaching slightly below his knees, an ax he had

been playing with on the floor; wrapped in the drapery of slumber and his shirt, he is giving himself to "pleasant dreams."

In the opposite corner, seated on a bench, are two veterans, apparently "going it strong" (we don't approve of slang, but it's so expressive!) on pipes, tobacco, and gossip. The woman whose back faces front leans toward



EXPLOSION ON THE "WESTFIELD."—SECTION OF BOILER PRESERVED AT THE POLICE HEADQUARTERS.



EXPLOSION ON THE "WESTFIELD."—REMAINS OF THE BOILER.



EXPLOSION ON THE "WESTFIELD."—ROBBING THE DEAD AND WOUNDED.



EXPLOSION ON THE "WESTFIELD."—RELATIVES RECOGNIZING THE MUTILATED BODIES.—SEE PAGE 381.

her companion in the eagerness of her narration, possibly re-hashing the newest scandal, or latest event of death or marriage, or religious revival—a favorite topic.

One of the auditors seated next her, in skirt and short gown, with arms folded comfortably, seems a resigned listener, more under the soothing influence of the "weed" she smokes than excited by the curiosity that inspires the girl to whom she is *vis-à-vis*.

Standing in the doorway near is a dignified dame, erect as a grenadier, looking down with somewhat scornful expression at the veteran gossip, or across at the important business progressing on the table. She, too, is devoting her leisure moments to energetic smoking, whiffing away wreaths that hover coyly overhead, then vanish in thin air. There is no concealing the melancholy fact that this woman is by nature what we call prim, and primness under high pressure is an alarming quality. Even her dress has a plucky, straight-laced look, while the head-handkerchief has a subdued, melancholy aspect—its ends drooping like the tail of a demoralized rooster held at "half-mast" in a pouring rain!

There is nothing more to add on the subject of my sketch (already too long, perhaps, for the patience of readers), but that the wedding-garment is preserved carefully by the negroes with peculiar reverence—some singular sentiment or superstition reserving them to be used at their deaths as a shroud.

On the occasion of a negro-quarter being destroyed by fire, the irreparable loss most profoundly and loudly lamented was the destruction of their cherished wedding-garments.

I have little to add in explanation of the pair of sketches which continue the blissful subject in this number. The bride, whose natural black veil hides her blushes, is united to the man of her choice by the good Methodist minister in the old log cabin itself; the musicians hush their boisterous instruments; yet they exchange glances throughout the ceremony with the young bucks and belles, who cannot refrain, even during the eventful and solemn moments, from tapping their feet to imaginary dances. The bridal train then winds in procession to the largest available cabin, where a feast, sumptuous with tropical delicacies, has been laid out.

DARWIN AND SELECTION.

A NEW objection has been raised against Mr. Darwin's doctrine of Natural Selection, or the Triumph of the Stronger, by a Mr. Howorth, which it will require much ingenuity to controvert or explain away. The facts on which he relies, he tells us, "are very commonplace, and are furnished by the smallest plot of garden or the narrowest experience in breeding domestic animals. The gardener who wants his plants to blossom and fruit, takes care that they shall avoid a vigorous growth. He knows that this will inevitably make them sterile; that either his trees will only bear distorted flowers, that they will have no seed, or bear no blossoms at all."

"In order to induce flowers and fruit, the gardener checks the growth and vigor of the plant by pruning its roots or its branches, depriving it of food, etc., and if he have a stubborn pear or peach tree, which has long refused to bear fruit, he adopts the hazardous, but often most successful, plan of ringing its bark. The large fleshy melons or oranges have few seeds in them. The shriveled starvelings that grow on decaying branches are full of seed. And the rule is universally recognized among gardeners as applying to all kinds of cultivated plants, that to make them fruitful it is necessary to check their growth and to weaken them. The law is no less general among plants in a state of nature, where the individuals growing in rich soil, and which are well-conditioned and growing vigorously, have no flowers, while the starved on the sandy sterile soil are scattering seed everywhere."

"On turning to the animal kingdom, we find the law no less true. 'Fat hens won't lay' is an old fragment of philosophy. The breeder of sheep, and pigs, and cattle, knows very well that if his ewes and sows and cows are not kept lean they will not breed; and as a startling example, I am told that to induce Alderney cows, which are bad breeders, to be fertile, they are actually bled, and so reduced in condition. Mr. Doubleday has adduced overwhelming evidence to show that what is commonly known to be true of plants and animals is especially true of man. He has shown how individuals are affected by generous diet and good living, and also how classes are so affected. For the first time, so far as I know, he showed why population is thin and the increase small in countries where flesh and strong food is the ordinary diet, and large and increasing rapidly where fish or vegetable, or other weak food is in use; that everywhere the rich, luxurious, and well-fed classes are rather diminishing in numbers or stationary; while the poor, under-fed, and hardworked are very fertile. The facts are very numerous in support of this view, and shall be quoted in your pages if the result is disputed. This was the cause of the decay of the luxurious power of Rome, and of the cities of Mesopotamia. These powers succumbed not to the exceptional vigor of the barbarians, but to the fact that their population had diminished, and were rapidly being extinguished from internal causes, of which the chief was the growing sterility of their inhabitants!"

"The same cause operated to extinguish the Tasmanians and other savage tribes which have decayed and died out, when brought in contact with the luxuries of civilization, notwithstanding every effort having been made to preserve them. In a few cases only have the weak tribes been supplanted by the strong, or weaker individuals by stronger; the decay has been internal, and of remoter origin. It has been luxury and not want; too much vigor and not

too little, that has eviscerated and destroyed the race. If this law then be universal both in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, a law too, which does not operate on individuals and in isolated cases only, but universally, it is surely incumbent upon the supporters of the doctrine of Natural Selection, as propounded by Mr. Darwin, to meet and to explain it, for it seems to me to cut very deeply into the foundations of their system. If it be true that, far from the strong surviving the weak, the tendency among the strong, the well-fed, and highly favored, is to decay, become sterile and die out, while the weak, the under-fed, and the sickly are increasing at a proportionate rate, and that the fight is going on everywhere among the individuals of every race, it seems to me that the theory of Natural Selection—that is, of the persistence of the stronger—is false, as a general law, and true only of very limited and exceptional cases."

A PARASITE called the ujl makes sad havoc among Japanese silkworms; last year, in the most favored district, the affected worms amounted to thirty and forty per cent., and in Kōshin the average was as high as eighty-four per cent. This mischievous creature is an annulated, footless, white maggot, that preys upon the chrysalis, which provides it at the same time with board and lodging. As soon as the ujl has eaten all that is to be eaten, he breaks through the cocoon, leaving it useless for anything but floss-silk, if even for that, for in a few days it becomes quite hard and nearly black. The presence of this unwelcome intruder is detected at once upon opening a suspected cocoon; if one or more dark spots are found on the chrysalis, one or more ujl will be found in its intestines; and if, upon examination, above a certain proportion of cocoons are found to be thus tenanted, the reaper gives up his hopes of eggs, and, basking the cocoons in the oven, puts them by for reeling. The ujl infects the very finest as well as the poorest of cocoons, its origin being a mystery to the Japanese; the most probable explanation of the matter is, that the maggot springs from the eggs of some fly, which being deposited upon the leaves of the mulberry, and so eaten by the worm, develop into ujl after the worm attains its chrysalis state.

BRICK POMEROY

ON

DR. SHERMAN.

THE following is taken from *Pomeroy's Democrat* of August 5th. It fully establishes Dr. Sherman's success in the treatment of Rupture, and we commend it to the careful perusal of those interested:

Dr. Sherman's Reliability.

We are continually receiving letters of inquiry about Dr. Sherman, and his reliability in the specialty of treating and curing rupture. About two years since, a gentleman showed us a photograph of his taken before he placed himself under the care of Dr. Sherman for rupture. This was a few months after treatment. The difference between the man when the picture was taken and the time when we saw him was wonderful. He then considered himself cured, and gave the credit to Dr. Sherman. In view of this circumstance, and what we had previously heard, as a matter of interest to those of our readers who might be afflicted in a similar way, we endorsed Dr. Sherman. Recently, one of these letters of inquiry referred to had a letter inclosed in it, dated "Peekskill, July 20th, 1871," from a noted party antagonistic to Dr. Sherman—indeed, evincing the bitterest malice—with the sole design of deterring the writer from placing himself for treatment under Dr. Sherman. In order to remove every doubt, and to make sure that no wrong should be done to any one, one of the associate editors of this paper devoted an entire day to the investigation of Dr. Sherman's system of treatment of his patients. The result of this investigation confirms the truthfulness of our endorsement. Many prominent gentlemen in this city tell us they tried other parties without being benefited, then placed themselves under Dr. Sherman's treatment, and were cured. Perhaps we may express the strongest conviction of our assurance of his success by stating that, if we should ever be afflicted as others were who have been treated by him, we should go to him for treatment, with every reason to believe that he would effect a cure. Further than this no man can say.

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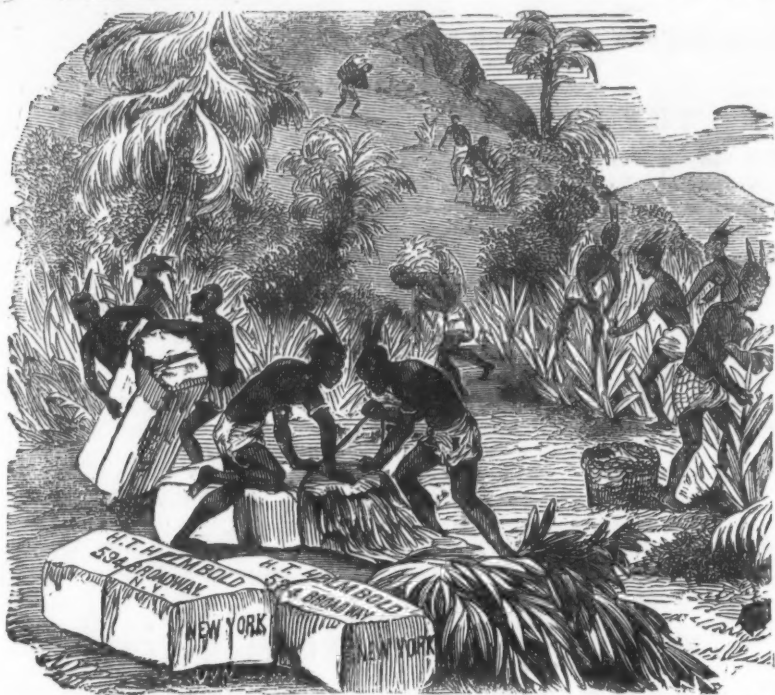
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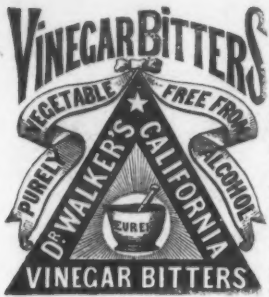
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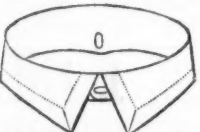


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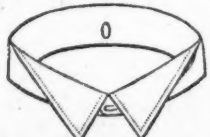
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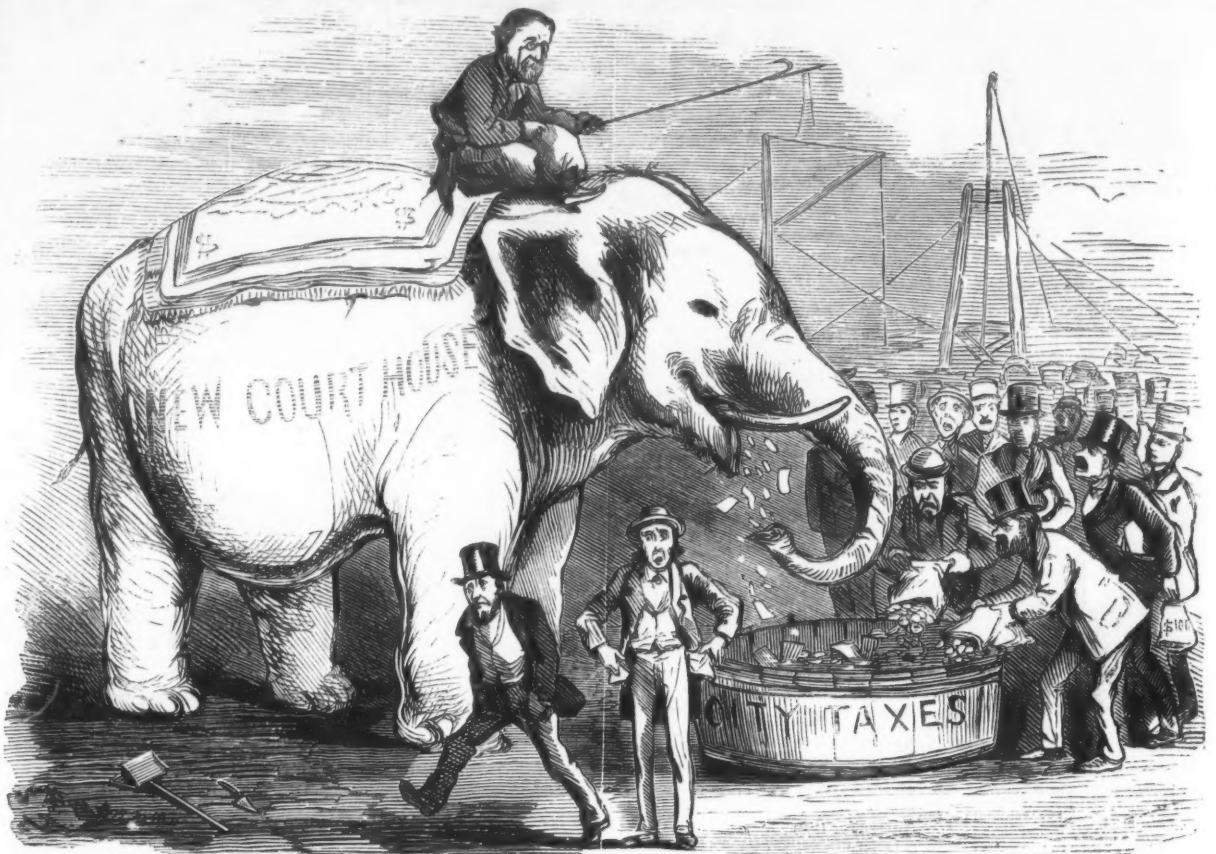
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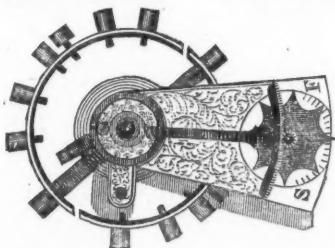
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ranted to suit all tastes. For sale
everywhere. And for sale whole-
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We make only one style, and have but one price for our Pianos, which are all made from thoroughly seasoned and kiln-dried materials, and have seven octaves—rosewood—curved legs and lyre—large square grand overstrung scale—front round corners—serpentine bottom—iron plate—French action—and are all warranted five years. We have no agents, and allow no commissions or discounts to any one. This explains how we can sell a good Piano for \$290, which is about the price Piano dealers pay to manufacturers for instruments similar to ours. Piano dealers are allowed by all manufacturers, except ourselves, to add 100 percent, and upward, profit to all sales. This the public can prove by investigating to be strictly true. Piano dealers, teachers, professors, and everybody else, are excluded from any and every possibility of a single cent of commission on our Pianos. If you wish a Piano sent for trial, you must make the matter of reference and payment unquestionable; and if the instrument is in any respect inferior to any Piano made in the known world at any price, you may send it back to us at the end of ten days' trial, instead of paying for it. If you order a Piano sent, we have one request to make; and that is, that the trial shall be made by parties who are not interested in other Pianos. Please send for our Circulars containing full particulars and references to bankers, merchants, and families, in thirty-five States and Territories, who are using our Pianos. Address or apply to the

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